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HENRY J. RAYMOND.

ON Friday, June 18, we were startled by the sad intelligence of the death of HENRY JARVIS RAYMOND, the founder and editor of the New York *Times*. He had died suddenly that morning of apoplexy. Thus passed away in the prime of life—for he was only in his fiftieth year—one of the four most eminent journalists in this country, and also one of the most prominent politicians of this State.

HENRY JARVIS RAYMOND was born in the village of Lima, Livingston County, New York, January 24, 1820. His father, who died only a few months since, was a hard-working farmer of moderate means and of sound integrity. His mother—a woman of strong character—encouraged his early tendencies toward a life of study. After a short period of education in the district school during the winters of his boyhood years, he continued his studies at the village academy, and in 1833 commenced Latin and Algebra at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. He entered the University of Vermont in the summer of 1836, and there was graduated in 1840 with the highest honors of his class.

The youth of twenty then came to New York city, where he entered upon the study of law in the office of Mr. E. W. MARSH. But he had his living to earn, and the only prominent men of the city with whom he was at all acquainted were Mr. MANN, then a law-student in Wall Street, and HORACE GREELEY, then the proprietor of the *New Yorker*, a weekly newspaper, to which Mr. RAYMOND had contributed during his college course. He still wrote for that paper, and also earned $5 a week by daily news-letters to the Cincinnati *Chronicle*, then edited by E. D. MANSFIELD, since known as the "Veteran Observer." Meantime he received an offer of a school in North Carolina at $400 a year; but as Mr. GREELEY offered him the same for his services on the *New Yorker* he declined the first offer, and remained in New York.

In 1841 Mr. GREELEY established the *Tribune*, and retained Mr. RAYMOND'S services as assistant editor. In this position he demonstrated his ability as a journalist. No one could make so rapid or so accurate a report of a speech; and he was also equally prepared to write a leading editorial. Whatever he did he did well. His report of WEBSTER'S speech at Bunker Hill was a memorable event in those days when short-hand writing was unknown.

Mr. RAYMOND accepted an editorial position on the New York *Courier and Enquirer* in 1843. It was in this paper that his part of the celebrated controversy with Mr. GREELEY on the doctrine of Fourierism was published. It was during his connection with this journal that he became a reader in the publishing-house of HARPER & BROTHERS, a position which he held for ten years.

Mr. RAYMOND'S political life began in 1849, when he was elected a member of the New York State Assembly by the Whigs. He was re-elected the next year, and was chosen speaker. In 1851 he started the *Times* newspaper. In 1852 he went to the Baltimore Convention to report the proceedings for his paper, but was given a seat as a delegate, and made an eloquent speech in exposition of Northern sentiment. In 1854 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of this State, receiving 157,166 votes, a majority of 28,333 over LUDLOW, his principal opponent. As an organizer of the Republican party Mr. RAYMOND was an active worker. The "Address to the People," which was issued from Pittsburg in 1856, was from his pen. He was a supporter of FREMONT after the meeting of the first National Convention. In 1857 he refused to be a candidate for Governor of this State. The next four years were devoted to his profession. In 1858 he sided, apparently, with the supporters of Mr. DOUGLAS, but in the end resumed his relations with the Republican party. In 1860 he was a warm supporter of Mr. SEWARD for the Republican nomination, and he was peculiarly satisfied that Mr. SEWARD was placed in the Cabinet of Mr. LINCOLN.

In 1861 Mr. RAYMOND was again elected to the Assembly and was chosen Speaker. In 1864 he was elected to the United States House of Representatives from the Sixth District of this city. His career in that body, during a critical era of our political history, will be reviewed in another column.

His speech on the 29th of January, 1866, was his first elaborate effort in Congress. It was upon the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment. In concluding this speech Mr. RAYMOND thus expressed his views as to what the Government ought to do:

"In the first place, I think we ought to accept the present *status* of the Southern States, and regard them as having resumed, under the President's guidance and action, their functions of self-government in the Union. In the second place, I think this House should decide on the admission of Representatives by districts, admitting none but loyal men who can take the oath we may prescribe, and holding all others as disqualified; the Senate acting, at its discretion, in the same way in regard to Representatives of States. I think, in the third place, we should provide by law for giving to the freedmen of the South all the rights of citizens in courts of law and elsewhere. In the fourth place, I would exclude from Federal office the leading actors in the conspiracy which led to the rebellion in every State. In the fifth place, I would make such amendments to the Constitution as may seem wise to Congress and the States, acting freely and without coercion. And, sixth, I would take such measures and precautions, by the disposition of military forces, as will preserve order and prevent the overthrow, by usurpation or otherwise, in any State, of its republican form of government......Above all, I beg this House to bear in mind, as the sentiment that should control and guide its action, that we of the North and they of the South are at war no longer. The gigantic contest is at an end. The courage and devotion on either side which made it so terrible and so long no longer owe a divided duty, but have become the common property of the American name, the priceless possession of the American Republic through all time to come. The dead of the contending hosts sleep beneath the soil of a common country and under one common flag. Their hostilities are hushed, and they are the dead of the nation for evermore. The victor may well exult in the victory he has achieved. Let it be our task, as it will be our highest glory, to make the vanquished, and their posterity to the latest generation, rejoice in their defeat."

On the expiration of his term Mr. RAYMOND, having declined the renomination that was pressed upon him by prominent men of both parties, withdrew almost wholly from public life, and devoted all his energies to the conduct of his paper. He was offered the Mission to Austria by President JOHNSON in 1867; but his name was sent to the Senate without his consent, and after he had notified the President that no considerations could induce him to accept the position. The last article written by Mr. RAYMOND for the *Times* was an editorial on Mr. SEWARD, which appeared on the morning of June 17.

"A remarkable instance of Mr. RAYMOND'S working ability," says the New York *Tribune*, in an obituary sketch, "occurred on the occasion of the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, a statesman for whom he had the greatest admiration. The news of Mr. WEBSTER'S death reached here on a Saturday afternoon. Mr. RAYMOND wrote an admirable biography, which appeared in Monday's paper, covering twenty-six columns of the *Times*, and in addition he wrote three columns of editorial on the same subject. Of this extraordinary biography Mr. RAYMOND wrote sixteen columns without stopping a moment for rest. As a feat of editorial labor we doubt its ever having been equaled."

Mr. RAYMOND passed the afternoon previous to his death in Greenwood, making arrangements for the interment of his son WALTER'S remains, and called at the office of the *Times* about six o'clock in the evening. After a few minutes' conversation on matters pertaining to the business of the paper he returned home. After dinner he sat with his family and some friends who came in until between nine and ten o'clock, when he left them to attend a political consultation; and his family saw no more of him until he was discovered, about half past two next morning, lying in the hall-way unconscious and apparently dying. He had locked the outside door and shut the inner one, and was then apparently stricken with the malady that closed his life. The most eminent medical aid was at once summoned, and the utmost that science and skill could do were done,

THE LATE HON. HENRY J. RAYMOND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, NEW YORK.]

in vain. He remained unconscious, and died tranquilly about five o'clock in the morning.

Soon after leaving college Mr. RAYMOND married a most estimable lady, whose acquaintance he had made in Vermont. By her he had several children, of whom a son, who graduated recently from Yale College, and two daughters, we believe, are now living. His wife is at present in Europe, where one of his daughters is being educated, and we understand that he was to have visited them this summer. As a husband and father he was kind and affectionate.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1869.

THE CALM.

FOR the first time within this generation there is political peace in the country. The most vital debate in our history, which in its progress became the most sanguinary civil war, has ended in the absolute triumph of the party that held the true American doctrine of equal liberty, the party of humanity, justice, and civilization. Indeed, fierce as the struggle was, involving private griefs too deep and sore ever to be wholly assuaged until the lapse of many years, the advantage to the country was worth it all; and it is impossible even now to think without dismay of the issue of the contest that was sought by the present opposition. The Republican party first appeared at a national election in 1856, when the Democratic party was apparently immovably intrenched in power, and the national demoralization seemed almost complete. In 1860 the Republican party succeeded upon the question of the non-extension of Slavery. In 1864 it succeeded upon the issue of Emancipation and unconditional suppression of the rebellion. In 1868 it again succeeded upon the question of a Reconstruction policy adapted to secure the national victory.

The Fifteenth Amendment, which guarantees equality of suffrage, and which strikes color out of politics, is the formal end of the party strife of many years, and it will undoubtedly be adopted. There is, therefore, at this moment no domestic political question upon which parties divide. The aristocratic tendency in our politics, whose organization is known as the Democratic party, of course continues to sneer at reconstruction and the policy of equal rights; but it will hardly undertake to open reconstruction as a practical issue. Upon the financial question there are as many theories as talkers and writers; but there is no distinctive policy known as Republican and Democratic. Republicans are not agreed in praise or blame of the Secretary's present course, and Democrats carefully confine themselves to denouncing taxation and revenue swindling, without proposing any system of improvement, or any change whatever except their own return to power. Neither party, as such, is a Protective or Free-Trade party.

If the Republican party were to hold a convention to-morrow it would congratulate the country upon the return of peace; upon equal suffrage; upon the long roll of illustrious and inestimable services which the party has rendered to the public welfare; upon the honesty and economy which it is its aim to introduce into the administration of the government, and of which the character of the President and his Cabinet is the surest guarantee. It would declare its sympathy with all people struggling for liberty, and insist that the differences with England must be settled consistently with the evident justice of the American feeling upon the subject. If the Democratic party were to hold a convention it would accuse the Republicans of delaying and embittering reconstruction; of aiming to destroy the local self-government, which is an ancient bulwark of freedom; of plunging the country into a frightful debt, and of providing for its payment the most unjust, onerous, and partially administered system of taxation; it would vehemently call for economy and a reduction of burdens; assert the failure of the new Administration; and pronounce for the independence of Cuba and for summary measures with Great Britain.

Under the circumstances every intelligent voter would have to ask himself whether, in the absence of any immediate issue upon which he must support one of the parties, there were any reason to suppose that the general administration of affairs would be more honest and sagacious if the dominant party were overthrown. Indeed, unless something wholly unforeseen occurs during the next two or three months, that is the question which must be answered in the autumn elections. And there are several things for Republicans to remember. Among them is the fact that the party strength is never shown except under pressure. In dull political times the party is usually defeated. As it comprises the mass of the intelligent voters, there is of course more independence of action than in the Democratic party. Another important fact is, that the reputation of the last New York Legislature, which had a Republican majority, was so bad as vitally to injure the party. Those who vote with the party that seems to them upon the whole the most honest and public-spirited, look at the conduct of a Legislature for which the Republicans are responsible, and decide that it is a choice between pot and kettle; and they either refrain from voting, which is a Republican loss, or they vote for a change, which may be a Republican defeat.

Besides these facts there are the heavy taxation, the uneasy suspicion of immense frauds in the revenue department, the widely-ramified personal disappointments that always accompany a new administration, and the inevitable reaction that follows the beginning of an administration of which the most impossible reforms and an ideal policy were vaguely expected. For all these the Republican party, being in power, is held responsible, and its position is therefore precarious, and demands the thought and care of every one who would deplore the renewed ascendency of the party which has been the chief source of all the national woes—of the enormous debt, and the demoralization which is plain to every observer. If the character and purpose of the President and the Cabinet could be diffused through every branch of the administration the simple question for decision would be, whether the Democratic party gave promise of such superior honesty and capacity as to make its return to power desirable. That is a question which we shall consider.

LOOKING AT HOME.

IF it is desirable to have neutrality laws, as the United States have always contended, it is desirable that they should be executed. And if laws are bad, as the President sagaciously said in his inaugural address, there is no surer means of procuring their repeal than to execute them stringently.

We have been lately engaged in this country in a somewhat sharp debate with England, in which we charge the loose execution of the British neutrality laws as a very serious offense against us; as showing, in fact, an unfriendly disposition, a willingness to see our Government overthrown. Is it not desirable, therefore, as good policy and for consistency, to say no more, that our conduct shall show our complaint to be at least sincere? If an expedition fitted out in England against the United States, in defiance of the neutrality laws, is, as Mr. SUMNER asserts, virtually an act of war against a country with which England is at peace, is such an expedition any less an act of war if it is not British, but American; not fitted out in Liverpool, but in New York; and not against the United States, but against Spain? Yet we read in the *Tribune*, which is very emphatic upon the British offense, that the execution of the neutrality laws of the United States merely gives "great delight to that small but malignant party" which is opposed to the liberation of Cuba. And again, in the same number of the paper, that "the Cuban cause loses naught in sympathy and spirit by the check which it has been deemed proper to put upon its agents here in recognition of international law."

Now if our neutrality laws interfere with the just claims and hopes of liberty any where, let us have them repealed. But if they are essential to the general welfare of nations, let us have them enforced. In any case, while we are upbraiding the English authorities as "malignant" because they would not enforce the laws, let us refrain from branding those of the United States with the same epithet because they do enforce them. Meanwhile there is no prouder page in our history than that which records the sincere neutrality of the United States, however warm the sympathies of the people with either side; and when Mr. FISH assures the Cuban revolutionary delegate that whatever may be his own feelings in regard to the Cuban movement, the national good faith requires that the United States do not make war upon Spain even to liberate Cuba, he reasserts the policy of WASHINGTON.

In 1793, when the great war was raging between England, our then late enemy, and France, our ally and friend, the British Government feared that hostile expeditions would be fitted out from the United States; and, although no enlistment act had then been passed, President WASHINGTON issued a proclamation forbidding all violations of neutrality, and stating that instructions had been given to the officers of the United States to prosecute all offenders. The Governors of States were asked to arrest suspicious vessels, which they did; and prizes which had been taken from British owners were restored to them, the Government of the United States holding itself responsible for indemnification. In the next year, 1794, Congress passed a law to secure entire neutrality; and immediately after the application of the British Government upon the subject, as Mr. CANNING stated in Parliament—a fact which creditably contrasts with Lord PALMERSTON's declaration in Parliament, in 1863, that England could not alter her municipal laws to suit other governments. So, at a later day, during the Russian war of 1854–55, the seizure of the bark *Maury* in New York, at the instance of the British Consul, and upon the feeblest and, as it proved, wholly erroneous suspicion, maintained the traditional good faith of the United States in the observance of international obligation.

Is there any good reason why we should depart from this excellent course? Because we are no longer the weak nation of WASHINGTON's day shall we show less regard for the enforcement of a municipal law of our own, enacted in furtherance of international comity? "The rule, therefore," says CAIRNES, "which prohibits the using of neutral territory as a position from which to attack an enemy is simply indispensable to the existence of neutrality. Without it a war between any two states must rapidly draw into its vortex the whole world." When Parliament cheered Mr. LAIRD for boldly evading the British neutrality laws, the indignation of this country was inexpressible. But is it not exactly the same thing, so far as those laws are concerned, to insist that their enforcement merely gratifies malignant persons?

NATIONAL FINANCES.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—A generous disposition shown by your paper in a candid treatment of opinions upon national finances prompts me to make a suggestion or two as briefly as possible.

The value of Government credit can be certainly improved by complying with the clause providing for the conversion of the greenbacks which is printed on the backs of most of them, which clause was *repealed* by Congress from no need or want of the country, but from the urgency of gentlemen interested in National banks. Congress, I think, has as much right to repeal the "promise to pay" contained on the face of them.

Make these notes convertible in the manner essentially as urged by Senator SHERMAN, or by the act authorizing their issue, and our currency would be equal in value to Government time bonds; and those bonds would themselves be worth more abroad, from the removal of the only failure of our Government to meet its obligations. I assume that the discount on the Five-Twenties in the foreign bond markets in gold is the measure and value of this shadow of repudiation on our demand notes.

A Senator said recently in my hearing that members of Committees of Finance in both Houses sought last August and since to apply the very obvious remedy of restoring the convertibility of the greenbacks into some class of time bonds, with privilege of reconversion at pleasure; but gentlemen connected with the National banks, who appeared to understand the subject better than they, induced them to leave the currency to take care of itself.

The example of Austrian paper florins retired at 40 per cent., Russian rubles at 33, and French assignats repudiated entirely, should warn us against this leaving an over-due issue of notes to grow stale. Interests combine to depreciate them for profit. Newspapers say that "gold is too cheap yet to be retained in the country," which means that they would make the currency still poorer.

Will it not suit the National banks to have the "legal tenders" so poor as never to be demanded in redemption of their notes, while at the same time the bonds which they have pledged at the Treasury are so much improved in value as to make it profitable to retire their notes when gold is highest?

Will the American public endure the losses incident to the depreciation of all currency and private obligations without injury to the prospects of bond-holders?

H.

We give our correspondent a hearing, as he touches upon subjects of great importance, which must soon command attention.

The acts of Congress of February 25, 1862, and of July 11, 1862, each of which authorized the issue of $150,000,000 of legal tenders, provided for the funding of these notes, at the pleasure of the holder, in six per cent. bonds. They were indorsed "exchangeable for United States six per cent. bonds, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after five years."

The act authorizing the creation of National banks was passed subsequently, on the 25th of February, 1863; immediately after which, on the 3d of March, 1863, another act was passed, which provided that the holders of notes thus issued "shall present the same for the purpose of exchanging for bonds, as therein provided, on or before the first day of July, 1863, and thereafter the right so to exchange the same shall cease."

As but six days intervened between the act authorizing the creation of the National banks and the repeal of the law for the exchange of legal tenders for bonds, and as about four months were allowed for their conversion before the repeal took effect, it is scarcely proper to say that it was done by National banks, or that the prospective change amounted to repudiation.

During the passage of the banking act it was foreseen that a continuing power to fund the notes was inconsistent with the profitable or safe existence of the National banks, as the latter were to redeem their obligations in those notes which, for interest or purposes of mischief, might be suddenly converted to an extent inconsistent with safety. The time allowed for foreclosing this privilege, four months in the midst of war—an age, counted by the rapid passing of great events—must be deemed reasonable, especially when we reflect that the life of the nation was supposed by the legislative power to hang upon the success of this banking project. The State banks, whose position was deemed secure, would not have left it and adopted the National plan, if this power to overwhelm them had remained. Some of the State institutions here aspired to become the fiscal agents of the Government on the basis of an unredeemed issue of their local paper; and the real issue was between the adoption of such a plan and the one proposed by Secretary CHASE and made free of that objectionable feature. We must transfer ourselves back to that dark period, with its painful doubts and imperative necessities, to arrive at the rule by which these measures should be judged.

We have arrived, however, happily to the enjoyment of peace, and, looking back upon the grave mistakes made during the conflict and since—chief among which were the extravagant issues of paper made with a view to float the debt, and the failure of President JOHNSON, on the happening of peace, to call an extra session of Congress to provide instantly a financial policy suitable to the new situation—we are to consider what remedies are required.

And here we agree with the tone of our correspondent, that the National banks, with few exceptions, are opposed to what has now become essential, an improvement of the currency. The debtor interest, which these corporations in the main represent, with all its speculating tendencies, is against contraction and against weeding out and thinning off these institutions.

It would not be expedient to re-enact the original plan for funding, as it would apply to $300,000,000 of the $355,936,431 50 of legal tender notes in circulation on the first of the present month, of which the great bulk have been reissued without the convertible clause. The process of improvement must be gradual, so as to permit preparation and prevent a shock. Various modes are presented, most of which would accomplish the purpose.

The three per cent. certificates amounted, on the 1st of June, 1869, to $53,075,000, on which interest had accrued to $1,061,500. This paid off, or purchased to go into the sinking fund, would amount to contraction, as it constitutes part of the reserve which the National banks may hold instead of legal tenders. The issue of compound interest notes, at $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. interest, limited in amount to such sum as might be absorbed without too much rapidity, would surely accomplish the work of contraction sufficiently if carried out with firmness, a corresponding amount of legal tenders to be simultaneously destroyed, and the new interest notes to have the function imparted or rather transferred to them of being a tender. Such transfer would not be a new execution of the power, but would be merely a continuation of what was already in existence, the legality of which is protected by the vital necessities of an unparalleled conflict.

Other schemes for returning from a debased to a sound system have been proposed, but their discussion will be of little avail at present. It may be that a majority of the people, debauched as they have been with paper-money, need, by disaster to themselves in their financial affairs, to be stimulated to a return to the recognized metallic basis for such issues. If they do the present system will be fruitful of trouble, and it may not be until they adopt the plan of a currency redeemable in the precious metals that our country will be blessed with the power to compete with foreign people, and be on the road to the commercial supremacy which the future will unfold, if in this vital matter we are true to ourselves.

NATIONAL DISCRETION AND RESPONSIBILITY.

IN the discussion of the *Alabama* question it should not be forgotten by our friends in England that no American objects to the principle that every nation must reserve to itself the discretion of conceding belligerent rights to actual belligerents. This is a principle of international law which is in the interest of revolutions for freedom. If a strong and well-sustained popular movement against a despotic government begins in any country, every free government will, of course, exercise its discretion, and will both concede belligerent rights to the revolution and recognize its practical success at pleasure, and, of course, at the risk of consequences. This was distinctly stated by Mr. WEBSTER in the HULSEMANN letter. No American who properly understands the subject will object to this principle.

It is, therefore, not the exercise of this right, but the time and circumstances under which it is exercised, that determine the friendly or hostile disposition of another power. If, for instance, when the revolution in Cuba began last October, before any serious battle had been fought, before, indeed, there was more than the evident intention of war, the United States had issued a proclamation of neutrality, might not Spain justly have complained that it was unfriendly as giving the revolution respectability, and would not all other powers have been sure that it was intended to help the revolution and secure the separation of Cuba for our own purposes? And if Spain emerged triumphant and powerful from the contest and in a condition of ability to cope with another nation, should we not, of course, expect a very grave demand for explanation?

This is the substance of our feeling of unfriendliness in the British concession of belligerence. It was both hasty and unnecessary. The war in Cuba has now lasted nearly ten months, but the United States have not found it necessary, even with all the sympathy which is not concealed for any such movement toward independence, to recognize the belligerent rights

of the revolutionists. Why, then, did the British Government before a single great battle had been fought, when there was nothing but the apparent intention of a war, and before the arrival of the American Minister, hasten to invest rebels against a friendly government with all the rights of belligerence? Why should the proclamation have issued at all? Mr. FORSTER says that, if it had not been issued, privateers would have sailed from English ports under letters of marque. Very well: they would have sailed under a flag not acknowledged, and would have been mere pirates. Moreover, in 1856, Great Britain, as a member of the Congress of Paris, proposed to us to abolish privateering. Before the proclamation issued we had professed our willingness to accede to that declaration, and the offer failed because Great Britain wished to except the actual situation from its operation. The people of this country do not deny the right of England to determine when belligerent rights shall be conceded; but they feel that the circumstances under which the right was exercised in our case showed a disposition which raises a presumption against a vigilant observance of neutrality.

Mr. SEWARD, who has been blamed for his instructions to Mr. ADAMS upon the relation of slavery to the war, was at least very emphatic upon this point at the earliest moment. His apprehension was that England would recognize the Confederacy; and in one of his earliest dispatches to Mr. ADAMS, No. 10, dated on the 21st of May, 1861, before the news of the proclamation had reached this country, Mr. SEWARD wrote:

"British recognition would be British intervention to create within our territory a hostile state by overthrowing this republic itself."

And again:

"A concession of belligerent rights is liable to be construed as a recognition of them [embassadors, agents, etc.]. *No one of these proceedings will pass unquestioned by the United States in this case.*"

Indeed, it is very plain from the letters of Mr. ADAMS that the general opinion in England when he arrived was that the rebellion would probably succeed. That the proclamation was issued to help it is certainly not evident. But that it was issued with a conviction upon the part of the Government of the probable success of the rebellion can hardly be denied. Add to this the facts of the escape of the *Alabama*, facts so notorious, so indisputable, so shameful that Earl RUSSELL himself declared that the escape was "a scandal and a reproach;" and we do not see why the British Government should not frankly say to Mr. MOTLEY: "We waive the exact legal points, and we accept the responsibility of the escape of the *Alabama* through the negligence of our agents." Such a hearty overture could not be misunderstood. Nobody believes that Englishmen are cowardly; and such an act would prove them to be magnanimous, while it would do more to cement the intelligent friendship of the two countries than twenty volumes of diplomatic correspondence and legal hair-splitting before arbitrators. We hope, at least, that Englishmen will understand that there is an intelligent and honorable public opinion in this country which can readily distinguish between a general desire of real amity and cowardice—an opinion which instantly understands and heartily despises those in either country who perplex an honorable settlement by the tone and conduct of bullies.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has again been aided in his desire to put down the price of gold by the action of the German bankers in selling exchange founded on fresh sales of our bonds in Europe. The speculation for a rise in gold has once more been checked by this influence.

There is, however, a want of spirit on the side as well of those who operate for a fall as of those who operate for a rise in the gold market, which is unquestionably founded on the singular financial situation. Gold fell between one and two per cent. under this influence, although up to this time our exports continue to run far below our imports.

The problem which confuses Wall Street and indeed all business men is this, at what precise time the balance against us on the trade between us and the foreigner will be more powerful than the effects produced by the sale of our bonds in foreign markets. No one can fail to see that a turn must take place attended with more or less of severity in individual cases according to the amount of imprudence which has been indulged in. While this state of things has a depressing influence upon trade, there are other causes now at work which aid in stimulating it.

The recent advance in cotton will give to the Southern States a considerable addition to their pecuniary means, which now will be distributed among the planters, the reverse of what took place last year, when the advantage of a rise was divided between the foreign manufacturers and the cotton brokers. The policy which has governed in the sale of this year's crop has been extremely sagacious on the part of those most deserving of advantage—its lately unfortunate producers. It was founded on a careful estimate of the wants of manufacturers and their diminished means of satisfying them.

But the most important element in imparting strength to the United States is the starting of new streams of emigration to our shores. The skilled laborer of England is settling the question of an insufficient supply of food by coming hither to eat of our abundance. The sophistry of those English writers who, in the face of a continued slaughter of unfed cattle, maintained that the domestic supply of food was equal to what was usual, has been penetrated by those who find that their wages have been diminished, and the land flowing, as they eagerly suppose, with milk and honey rises with hope to their view. It is this which informs the capitalists of Europe of our great future. The people who have the strength to fix the price of cotton, who have food to spare to satisfy the demand from any quarter, and who can absorb without knowing it the population that crowded states can not feed, and consequently eject, must be regarded as the coming power. That credit should be given carelessly in the face of an undoubted balance of trade against us might for a time be expected.

The advance in cotton has been attended with an advance in the price of the manufactured article, both at the mills and in the hands of city jobbers, but not so as to produce an equalizing price. The mills which stopped, and those which are on short time remain so, as they suppose that no profit can be made by the resumption of ordinary work. The increased price of bleached cloths is due to the action of jobbers more than to the operations of country distributors. It is part of the preparation for the fall trade soon about to open, and has the apparently reasonable basis of a greater advance in raw cotton than of the manufactured article. The policy may encounter difficulty from the well-known want of money among the Western people, and a consequent unusual economy, augmented by the expectation that raw cotton will fall as the dimensions of the new crop come to be understood.

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

IN the midst of the general regret at the death of Mr. RAYMOND, the tone of tenderness perceptible in all that has been said of him is remarkable, and well interprets the man and the impression he made. From his early youth, as his profession demanded, he was engaged in every kind of public debate and controversy. Yet although before he died a certain weariness and disappointment were unquestionably to be observed in intercourse with him, there was often apparent a youthful freshness of feeling which endeared him to all who knew him well, and which had the charm of surprise in a man whose experience was supposed to be of a kind that strips life of its illusions, if not of its ideal.

Mr. RAYMOND was called a man of generous impulses rather than of strong convictions; but it would, perhaps, be more accurate to say that he was of that temperament which sees the reason of both sides so plainly that vehement assertion seemed false and warm partisanship folly. The *Mail* says of him that he told a friend he never finished a sentence without a profound feeling that it was only partially true. It is a quality of many of the finest natures. LOUIS BLANC remarks it in GLADSTONE. But it produces infirmity of purpose which is incompatible with leadership, both by preventing entire self-confidence and by begetting distrust in others. Consequently it was said of Mr. RAYMOND that he was a trimmer; as it was said of Mr. GLADSTONE that he was a prig.

But he smiled at the charge, and declared that every truly wise man was necessarily a trimmer, as it was called, in politics. For politics, he insisted, were not morals. They involved morals only as they were methods of reaching results; and the political duty of the statesman, he thought, is to discover in what way, under the circumstances of the particular situation and with human nature what we know it to be, the good result is to be worked out. This feeling explains Mr. RAYMOND's fidelity to Mr. SEWARD. He believed that Mr. SEWARD's objects were humane and wise, and he confided in his practical political sagacity, and Mr. SEWARD spoke for Mr. RAYMOND, as well as for himself and for all who are called trimmers in politics, when he said: "I early learned from JEFFERSON that in politics we must do what we can, not what we would." It is a specious but perilous maxim, for it beguiles a man not only to lower the standard of action but of thought, and serves the purpose of the rascal equally with that of the statesman. "Don't be too fine for human nature," is the most subtle of Mephistophelian counsels.

We met Mr. RAYMOND just four years ago, a day or two before the Fourth of July, 1865. The joy at the end of the rebellion and the horror of the assassination had both passed away, and ANDREW JOHNSON was still trusted by CHARLES SUMNER and Major STEARNS. We stood talking upon Broadway, and Mr. RAYMOND never seemed more buoyant and hopeful. "Well," he said, "how about reconstruction?" To the reply that equal suffrage must be the corner-stone, he said, "Undoubtedly; but how shall we get at it?" And in a few words he stated the position that he afterward elaborated in his speeches in Congress and in the columns of the *Times*. Politics with him was a question of how to get at it; and his sense of the injustice and even absurdity of an unconditional assertion of one side, and of the folly of denouncing a mere difference in the judgment of methods as moral guilt, inclined him to a gradual, as opposed to the "thorough," policy, and preserved the tone of courtesy which always distinguished his discussions. This last was not politeness merely; it resulted from that fine sense of propriety which concedes that, as the question is open, the opposite argument may be the soundest after all.

Unfortunately with this temperament was joined a very decided political ambition. We say unfortunately because the time in which Mr. RAYMOND lived demanded the most positive political faith and conduct, while the character of his mind and his temperament forbade that unquestioning confidence which is essential to leadership, and with any thing less than leadership he could not be content. His remarkably serviceable talents; his genuine ability, his quickness, available knowledge, facility of speech and writing; his astounding capacity of labor, his equable temper and cordial manner constantly preferred him to conspicuous positions, which he filled always with credit, if never with that kind of superiority upon which his heart was set.

Mr. RAYMOND was one of the early Republicans, and wrote the Pittsburg address. In 1859–60 he evidently hoped that Mr. DOUGLAS would take a course in which moderate Republicans could support him; and his political philosophy prevented him from seeing that a man so wholly without political morality as DOUGLAS must be destroyed, as he was destroyed, in an actual crisis. During the war Mr. RAYMOND was uncompromising in his support of the Union. "Through Baltimore or over it," we heard him say on the 20th of April, 1861, in a public speech. He wrote the Baltimore resolutions of 1864, and was made Chairman of the Republican National Committee. But the old despondency occasionally mastered him, and he sometimes doubted the result of the election. Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. RAYMOND were mutually attractive. The sweet inflexibility of the one was gratified by the cheerful good sense of the other: and Mr. RAYMOND's only book is the "Life of Lincoln."

Long before this time his genius as a journalist was fully developed and acknowledged. Mr. GREELEY, himself an amazing worker, has recorded his admiration of Mr. RAYMOND's industry; and while he was still connected with Mr. GREELEY in the *New Yorker* and *Tribune*, he was engaged as literary adviser to the HARPERS. He was the first editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and wrote the original prospectus which appeared in the first Number. He made the selections for the *Magazine*, and prepared the "Monthly Record of Current Events." As a literary adviser or "reader," his judgments were so sound that the gentleman who succeeded him when he became editor of the *Times* used to say: "If my opinion differs from that of Mr. RAYMOND, I should like to reconsider it; but if any one else has read the book, and his view differs from mine, I will let my opinion stand. Mr. RAYMOND's opinion is worth more than mine." The last paper which he wrote for *Harper's Magazine* was the "Word of Apology," which appeared in the Number for January, 1854, the month following the fire in which the buildings of the HARPERS were destroyed. His relations with the house continued for ten years, during his legislative career, and while he was Lieutenant-Governor, and until after the establishment of the *Times*, and the mutual friendly regard was never interrupted.

The versatility of Mr. RAYMOND's gifts, and his instinctive knowledge of what a newspaper should be, soon gave the *Times* an eminence as a technically "well-edited" journal, which it has never lost. The strictly professional qualities of a journalist we do not propose to discuss; but no man in the country has probably ever possessed them more fully than Mr. RAYMOND.

His profession, however, did not satisfy him as we have seen, and he passed from one official position to another—from the speakership of the State Assembly and the presidency of the Senate, in both which places his parliamentary knowledge and skill are traditional, to the Congress of the United States. He appeared here at a time when only the most positive policy was practicable. But Mr. RAYMOND's intellectual temperament again warned him of all that was to be said upon the other side.

"Old things need not be therefore true,
O brother men, nor yet the new;
Ah! still a while the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again!"

It was the spirit of FALKLAND in the English civil wars. But, however sincere, it was perilously untimely. It could not have saved liberty in England, and in America its results would have been disastrous.

The Philadelphia movement of 1866 was naturally full of promise to Mr. RAYMOND as opening that moderate way in which alone he thought the country could safely move. It was, however, really an invitation to the Republican party to break ranks in front of the foe and before the battle was decided. Mr. RAYMOND's earnestness led him to take a prominent part not for his personal advantage only, but undoubtedly to show that it was not a masked Democratic movement, as was alleged. He was, however, still Chairman of the National Republican Committee, and his action was a fatal political mistake—how fatal the New Orleans massacre only too plainly revealed. From that time Mr. RAYMOND seems to have been a changed, perhaps a disheartened, man. He owned his mistake with a most generous frankness. But he was really so candid and perceptive that it undoubtedly showed him the futility of his political hopes, and his incapacity for the leadership that he desired. Thenceforth he devoted himself exclusively to the conduct of the *Times*; and although he became Chairman of one of the Republican organizations in the city, it was in the hope of effecting a reconciliation, and finding that it was not practicable he very recently resigned.

He died undoubtedly of overwork. His capacity of labor, as we said, was prodigious; but he had been twice warned by failing health that he was straining his powers, and twice he fled to Europe to escape incessant occupation. The suddenness of his death, although a grievous shock to those dearest to him, is for himself not to be deplored. He was never more kindly regarded than when he died, and in the natural reaction of the intense political excitement of the last four years his character and his services were more justly estimated. No man in the editorial fraternity will be personally remembered for more friendly acts, for a more constant kindliness of nature. He was reserved in manner, but the courteous tone of his paper was only the reflex of that of his social intercourse.

Undoubtedly, as his name is kindly mentioned, there is a half feeling which is always inseparable from a man of his peculiar temperament, of lost opportunities and wasted powers. But it is a feeling of fate rather than of censure. And so we are sure it seemed to those members of the old Press Club of sixteen or seventeen years since who stood by the coffin of their comrade. Remembering the gay and brilliant Saturday feasts long ago at the Astor they recall no brighter companion, no friend more faithful, no truer master of his craft, than HENRY JARVIS RAYMOND.

NOTES.

THE twenty-fifth annual meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association will be held at Ithaca in "Library Hall" (Cornell University) July 27, 28, and 29. The opening address will be delivered by WILLIAM N. REID, the President. Lectures and papers are also expected from B. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, the eminent English Naturalist, Professor CHARLES DAVIES, and others.

An efficient Committee in Ithaca is engaged in providing proper accommodations for all who may attend the Association; and the hotels have consented to adopt special reduced rates of charge for the members in attendance, not to exceed $2 per day.

THE telegraph made Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH say at Toronto that "the American press was not universally celebrated for intelligence." Mr. SMITH of course denies in a note to the *Tribune* that he ever made any such remark.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Boston Peace Jubilee closed June 19 with the concert by the children of the public schools. The closing piece was "Old Hundred," and was sung by the audience and children together. After the concert the members of the orchestra presented Mr. Gilmore with a gold watch and chain.

The funeral of Henry J. Raymond took place at 5 P.M., June 21, at the Presbyterian Church, corner of Tenth Street and University Place, in this city.

Over 1200 Chinese arrived from Hong-Kong at San Francisco on June 18.

The body of John Wilkes Booth is to be placed side by side with those of his father, Junius Brutus Booth, and sister, in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore.

Dr. Alden March, an eminent surgeon and physician of Albany, died in that city June 17.

It appears from an official statement that on an average about seventy-five persons annually fall victims to the street cars of this city, nine-tenths of whom die.

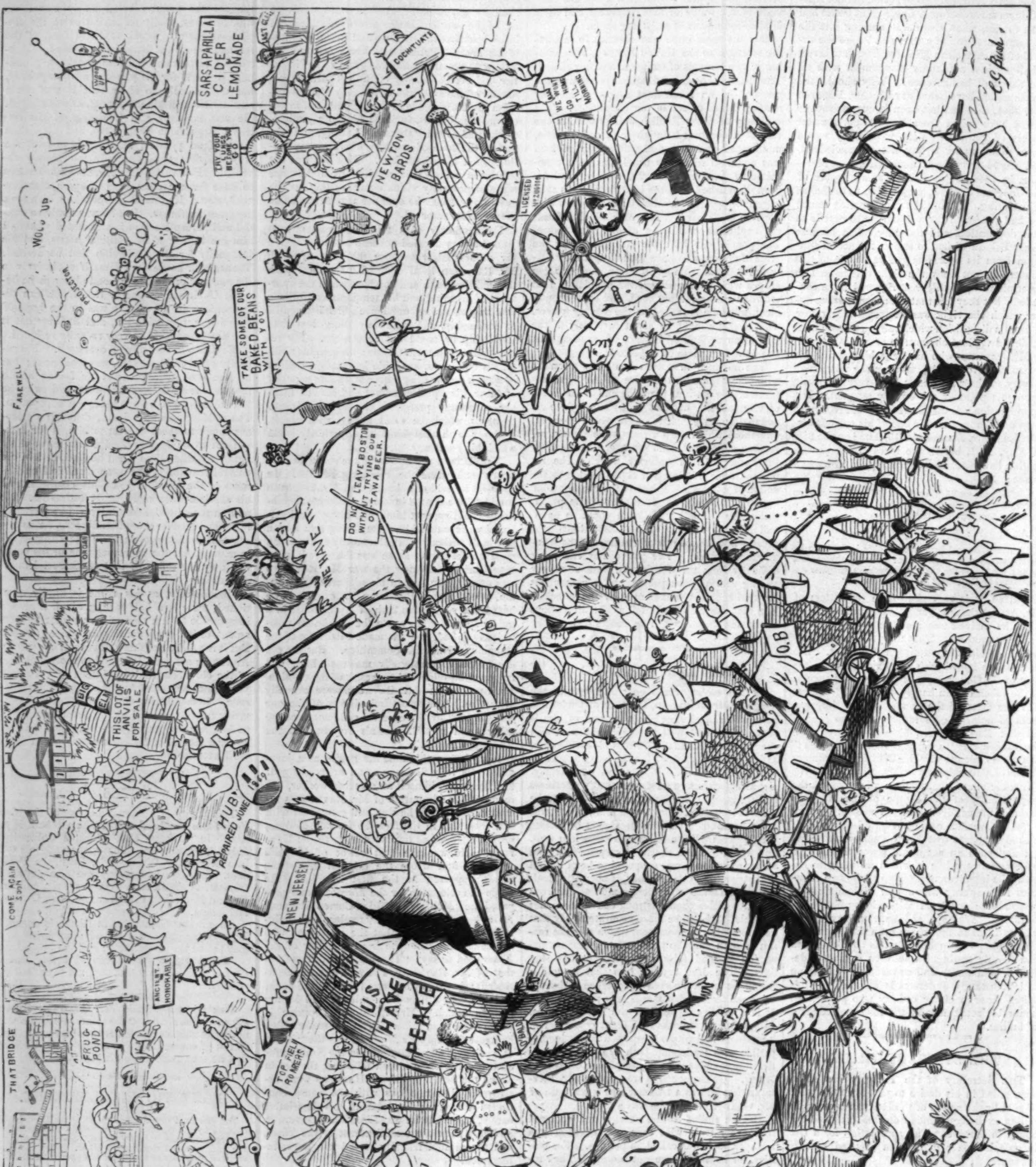
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British House of Lords passed the Irish Church bill at three o'clock, A.M., on the 19th of June, amidst great excitement, the vote standing 179 in favor of the bill, and 146 against it. The Archbishop of Dublin and fifteen Bishops voted.

Serrano took the regency oath at Madrid June 19. General Prim was announced as Secretary of War and President of the Ministry; Silvela, Secretary of State; and Herrara Grace, Justice. The Republicans in the Spanish Cortes have not succeeded in their attempt to secure the banishment of the Duke de Montpensier. The Cortes has passed a bill giving the acts of the Provisional Government the force of law, and conferring upon it the power to carry them into effect.

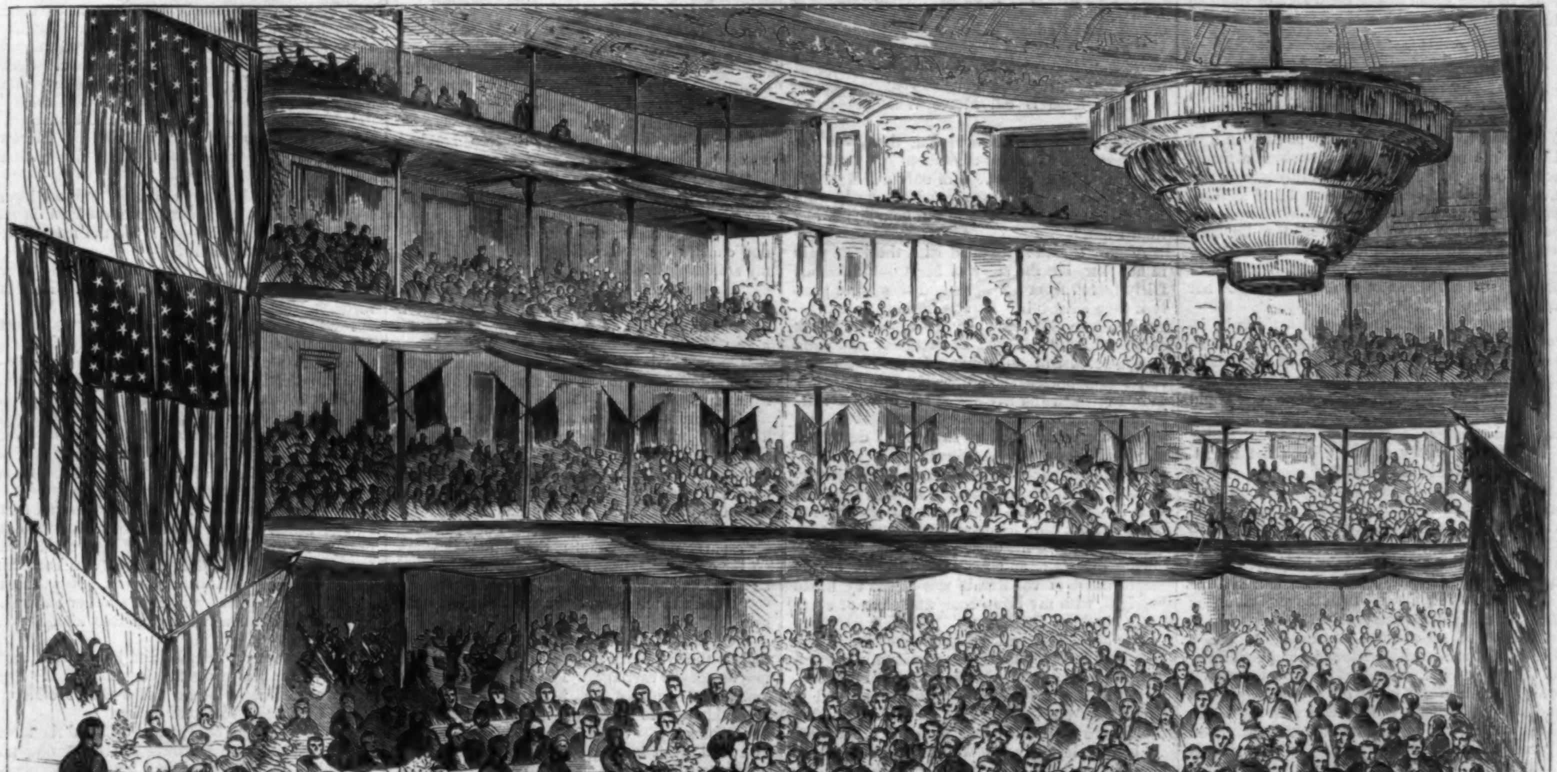
The resolutions passed by the Repeal League at Halifax, Nova Scotia, declare that every legitimate means shall be used to sever the connection of Nova Scotia with the Dominion, and bring about a union, on fair and equitable terms, with the United States. Leagues are to be formed throughout the Province for the purpose of agitating the annexation question.

The *Great Eastern* has gone to Brest, France, from which port she will shortly sail on her cable-laying expedition.



PEACE.—FINALE, BOSTON, JUNE, 1869.—DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 429.]

THE PICKED NINE OF THE "RED STOCKING" BASE-BALL CLUB, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Phot. by F. L. Huff, 244 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.—[See Page 422.]



FAREWELL DINNER TO HON. A. G. CURTIN, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, June 12, 1869.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 422.]

FAREWELL RECEPTION OF A. G. CURTIN, IN PHILADELPHIA.

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, was tendered to Hon. A. G. Curtin, our Minister to Russia, by the municipal authorities of that city for a farewell reception of the citizens on Saturday, June 12. We give on our first page an illustration of the dinner given on the evening of that day at the Academy of Music. Over five hundred guests were present. The building was beautifully decorated with American and Russian flags. Mr. Curtin made an appropriate speech, recounting the memorable events of his career as Governor of Pennsylvania, and alluded to his mission to Russia in the following language:

"It is somewhat anomalous that the freest and the strongest government in the New World should have maintained the most amicable relations with the most absolute monarchy and the strongest government of the Old World. America and Russia have never had an interruption of their friendly relations. It is my earnest prayer that, during my residence at the Court of the Autocrat of all the Russias, nothing will occur to break these relations."

Other speeches were made, in response to the various toasts of the evening, by prominent individuals.

THE "RED STOCKING" BASE-BALL CLUB, CINCINNATI.

We give, on page 421, portraits of the picked nine of the "Red Stocking" Base-Ball Club of Cincinnati, Ohio. On the 16th they beat the "Mutuals," and the next day the "Atlantics" of Brooklyn. The latter game was won 32 to 10. If the "Red Stockings" keep on and hold their own, they will be the champion club before the summer is ended. Hurrah for the Porkopolitans!

THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.

We give on our double-page opening this week an illustration representing the Harvard crew in training on the Charles River, as a preparation for the international four-oared race with the Oxford crew, which is to come off in August on the Thames, upon the Putney Course. Harvard gave the challenge, and Oxford accepted.

The rowers selected by Harvard are Messrs. Loring, Simmons, Bass, and Rice, forming as good a crew as could be selected. Loring, who has charge of this crew, is 25 years of age, but a remarkably mature oar. Rice is a polished oarsman; he is the "first stroke." Simmons is the "stroke oarsman," and is the strongest man of the crew. The ages of the four average 24 years each. The crew proposes to sail on the 10th of July, so as to spend five or six weeks in England before the contest.

MY GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

I.

I had been less than three months in New York, and if I was not actually already in love I was quite ready to affirm as much, if a fitting occasion should be given me. Moreover, with a worldly wisdom beyond my years, I had suffered my young affections to go out toward no less a personage than Miss De Silver, the banker's daughter. Fortune and my aunt's respectability had even so far aided me that I felt myself at liberty, with a little extra courage, to call on her even at her own lordly home.

The determination to call was a thing by itself, however, as an examination of my wardrobe revealed the unpleasant fact that my present supplies would hardly array me in keeping with what might there be expected. Solomon could have beaten me entirely. So could the lilies of almost any valley.

My slender salary as yet offered me no resources, nor would it for another month. I was at my wit's end, or thereabouts, when an idea struck me. The Chersons were always fertile in ideas, and was not I, Richard, the heir of all the Chersons? And had I not inherited my grandfather's watch? Did it not, even then, tick drowsily in its swollen fob?

Now this chronometer was of the ancient style; made in a day when the precious metals seem to have been of no account whatever. It was a sort of gold mine, with a time-piece hidden away in the heart of it. Small it may be for a gold mine, but decidedly large for a watch. It was one of those watches which impart an air of antique aristocracy to old gentlemen with good clothes, and affected by them for the same reason that the "shabby genteel" families purchase only fine old furniture.

"Sell it?" No, by no means; but I thought of Miss De Silver, and of her father, and determined to employ it as a collateral: I could redeem it at any time. Some one had explained to me the meaning of "three golden balls together," and I forthwith sallied out that evening to search for the dangling arms of the old Lombard usurers.

They were conspicuously large and bright over the door to which they attracted me, but the musty old gentleman in a square velvet cap, who took my gold mine in his fat and dirty fingers, did not realize my ideal of a Lombard. From the appearance of the crowded shelves around him, however, he was clearly prepared to realize on any thing else. Such a museum of incongruous commodities I had never seen before. Surely he was a social wrecker, and these were the spoils and waifs of innumerable human craft that had gone ashore upon the shoals of New York life. Describe them? No, for language has limits to its powers, and so has even imagination.

I was not the first customer attended to, however, for a fair young girl before me was waiting anxiously while "my uncle" balanced in his hand what seemed to be a brooch of some beauty and value. I thought that it contained a tress of dark hair; that or something else of the keepsake kind.

"Ten dollar? Not so mosh as dat. Five dollar ish all."

"Only five dollars? Why, it is worth forty, and I *must* have at least ten!"

"'Musht' is a pig vord, my tear. I gives you but five."

The girl's face was very pale, and her thin lips closed with an expression almost of agony, as she sighed her final assent to the amount of the proposed loan. Her ticket was quickly made out, and I could but note, as she turned to go out with that and the money grasped tightly in her little hand, that for all her paleness and her sorrow she was indeed fair, very fair.

"How mosh you vant on dis vatch?"

The harsh and grating voice of "my uncle" did much to dispose of a certain tingling sensation, as of many blushes, with which I had passed under the golden balls. I therefore boldly replied:

"About a hundred, I reckon."

"A hundard dollar? Oh, vell, that ish nonsense. Ve only lends so mosh as twenty-five. Dat ish de law, my poy."

"Bother the law!"

"So shay I; it bodders me ver' mosh indeed, but I dosh not ever break de law."

"How shall I work it, then? There must be some way."

"Dare ish many vays, but dish concern minds de law. I dell you—I lets you have twenty-five on de vatch and twenty-five on de chain?"

"That won't make it up."

"Den I takes de chain for de twenty-five, an' you takes de vatch to de *diamond brokers.*"

A few moments' conversation having further enlightened me as to the meaning of "my uncle" the Lombard, I took my ticket and my departure, leaving the chain with him, and in that I was, to a certain extent, a wise Cherson.

I must have been five minutes about this business, but as I passed under the next gas-light I was startled to notice, standing with her face unconsciously turned toward its almost ghastly radiance, the fair young lady of the brooch, and I could distinctly hear her mutter to herself,

"It *must* be *ten!* What shall I do?"

Youth, if you will let it alone in its good impulses, is ever inclined to benevolence, and with a sudden and reckless forgetfulness of Miss De Silver, and of her father the banker, I turned toward the pale unknown and said, with hardly my customary ease of manner, "Here is five dollars, Miss. I saw you in the shop."

There was a sudden start, and a painful flush in the pale cheek, but my voice and manner were too respectful to admit a suspicion of intentional offense, and I added, quickly,

"You can pay me whenever you choose—interest, too, if you want to."

"But you are a stranger."

"So I hope is old Moses What's-his-name over there."

"Ah, I saw you there! But then, you too are poor, and I can not consent to rob you."

"No; I'm not poor. I'm only a fool, that's all. Please take the money. I know you want it. If you don't take it you will be a bigger fool than I am."

Almost a smile struggled with the keen pain in her face, but the story of her trouble seemed fairly forced from her lips—and they were pretty if they *were* thin. It was nothing sensational—a sick mother, slow pay for work done, rent due, hard landlord—just an everyday and commonplace sort of an affair. It did not sound very commonplace, though, as she told it, and—well, I crushed the five-dollar bill into her little hand, and ran as the Congressmen did at Manassas, forgetting that by so doing I destroyed all prospect of ever being repaid.

I was anxious to find a broker's office, however, and my watch felt heavier without its chain than it ever did with, though I must say that my heart felt not only light but warm. A little investigation made me decide to wait until the following morning, and my next attempt at the employment of collaterals was made by broad daylight, with my brain cool, and clear of every thing but Miss De Silver.

The office over which I found the kind of sign described by "my uncle" was eminently respectable, and fronted on the busiest part of Broadway. It was even elegantly furnished, and if that was any evidence of its character, nothing could have helped it better than the aristocratic air of the elegant youth who so politely greeted me as I entered. No need, certainly, of any qualmish feeling at having to do with such a gentleman as Mr. De Roos, the "diamond broker."

"Rather old-fashioned watch, but the cases are heavy. Seventy-five dollars? Let me see!"

The cases were balanced for a moment daintily in his jeweled fingers, and the works scanned somewhat disdainfully.

"Seventy-five? Yes, I guess it will bear that. Thirty days only? Longer if you want it. Well, all right. Nice day, isn't it?"

Entries were made in a book or two, the watch carefully deposited in a drawer, my "ticket" was made out and carefully inclosed in an envelope; my money was counted out to me with an exceedingly pleasant smile and bow, and my object was attained without the slightest ripple of any thing disagreeable, unless it was the half-laughing insinuation that my impecuniosity was the consequence of recent bacchanalian excesses.

That, however, I took in good part, for I now felt sure of appearing in proper style at the De Silver mansion. My thoughts ran wholly on apparel, and the probable effect to be produced thereby.

II.

I must say that when my new array did come home I looked remarkably well in it, and, of course, I put it at once in service. But notwithstanding my nearer approach to Solomon or the lilies, I felt more nervousness on the De Silver door-step than even under the dangling balls of the "Lombard Arms."

As I stood, a moment later, in the frescoed vestibule fumbling for a card, I could not help overhearing a suppressed conversation which seemed to be going forward at the lower end of the hall.

"Indeed, Miss De Silver, I would not have asked, only we do need it so very much."

"Pshaw, Miss Payne! That's always the story. I won't be angry, though, really; and if you will come in to-morrow I will try and have it ready for you. Of course you will throw off something for prompt payment?"

"Oh, Miss De Silver!"

"Well, well—somebody's come, and mamma is waiting for me."

I heard a door close, and then—for somehow I was quite slow and clumsy about finding that card—who should come out through the hall toward me but my fair acquaintance of the five-dollar loan? If I did not blush she did; and right before the astounded flunky she reached out her hand for the bit of pasteboard which I had just discovered, saying, in a quick, curt tone of voice,

"Your card, Sir, please!"

She was gone, after she got it, like a figure in a dream, and I was ushered into the drawing-room, staggering under a vague feeling that there were three balls on my head, or that somebody had asked me what time it was.

There was certainly nothing like flattery—hardly a fair appearance of appreciation—in the manner of my reception when the banker's heiress at last sailed into the room. I could not help wondering if I should ever dare to call that stately creature "Matilda." Still, I made the best of my conversational powers, and was really making some headway when, to my unutterable dismay, the sliding-glass which concealed an inner parlor was drawn gently back in its noiseless grooves, and the faultlessly dressed apparition of the elegant "diamond broker" came gliding over the carpet, "to present his adieux to Miss De Silver." Certainly the color did come to my face, but the excellent young man relieved me in the kindest manner. Nothing could be more cordial or friendly than his recognition.

"Ah, you know each other, then?"

It was the voice of Miss De Silver, and there was a tremor in it which called my attention to the fact that if I had blushed she had not—on the contrary, quite the reverse.

"Oh, certainly; every body knows Mr. Cherson. Glad to meet him. Opera to-night, Miss De Silver?"

"Ah, yes. I was about—"

How I thanked the tact of De Roos in thus giving me an opportunity to cut my call short and find my way into the street! I went in his company, of course; and certainly I could not misunderstand the hearty cordiality with which we were both invited to call again.

Once in the street, however, De Roos laughed a silvery, sarcastic laugh.

"I see, my dear fellow, you understand business. Rather think you have put your foot in it, hey?"

"I should rather say I had," said I, though not exactly comprehending how. "Confound my stupid blushes!"

"I should say so; but then there's no harm done. Her paleness was as unlucky as your color. You're a man of honor though, and you'll keep mum?"

"Mum as the grave. Do you do much of that kind of business? I shouldn't have thought it just there."

My venture in this remark was a good one, for it implied infinitely more knowledge of the world than I possessed.

"We've a perfect run of up-town trade," replied De Roos; "and they're no worse than lots of other women whose husbands and fathers draw their purse-strings a trifle close. They're fixing for a party just now, and if the diamonds won't go far enough I guess the carriage will have to be mended."

"I don't take. Can't you do the carriages?" said I.

"Oh no; that's in the *auctioneer* line. I reckon they've never spouted any furniture, and maybe not the carriage. The old lady owns her jewels and furniture, etc., in her own right; only it wouldn't do to let the old man know what she does, you know. Sometimes the auctioneers are awkward about leaving securities on store in the house, too, and that's bad where it won't do to move it."

"I see. How do they take their interest?"

"Oh, only the legal, you know; but then there's commissions and a whole dictionary of charges. Good ten to fifteen per month."

"Profitable, I should say. I never knew about that. Reckon I'm dished *there* now, any way."

"Not by no manner of means! Safe for a perpetual invite as I am myself. Couldn't afford to make an enemy of you—don't you see?"

"Do you go there often?"

"Not very. This party, any how, for the old man's away, and it's bound to be a tip-top affair. You'll be there, of course?"

"If I get my cards in time."

"Oh, no fear of that. Let's go to Delmonico's."

I went, and certainly I did learn a good deal that evening. Such men as De Roos are capital instructors, and he seemed fairly to have "taken" to me.

III.

My card for the grand De Silver party came quite as promptly as the diamond broker had predicted; but before the arrival of that auspicious occasion I received a neat little note inclosing a five-dollar bill, and thanking me, in terms of most lady-like and sincere gratitude, for the opportune benevolence which had prompted my Quixotic loan. The note was signed, plainly, "Clara Payne." The circumstance gave me no pain whatever, but brought vividly to my memory the conversation which I had involuntarily overheard.

The party was every way worthy of the efforts and sacrifices of which I was the brilliant and successful fruition.

I met De Roos there, and at a certain pause in the rush and whirl of the festivities something prompted me to whisper him: "Not much falling off in the diamonds of the family. On my word, they look as well as the real."

And he replied: "We have to be up to that, my dear fellow—trick of the trade, you know, wouldn't do to be detected."

And then he whirled away; but on a closer examination, as the stately Matilda whirled away with me in the subsequent "German," the idea became strangely fixed in my mind that the imitation was altogether *too* good, and that the diamonds worn that night by the heiress of the De Silvers were *real.* It puzzled me, but it only led me to the utterance of a remark in praise of their brilliancy, which was rewarded by a sweet smile and an increasing pallor on the cheeks of my lovely companion.

I called most assiduously after that, with a vague idea that any deficiencies in my wardrobe were quite likely to be kindly overlooked, and found, to my unspeakable delight, that I was beginning to be received on a most confidential footing; in short, quite in the character of a friend of the family. I even met the banker himself once or twice, but could not plume myself on any very marked attention from him. Meantime De Roos assured me that the carriage had not required "mending," and that the diamonds of the fair Matilda and her duchess-like mother stood in no immediate danger of forfeiture.

As for myself, my employers rather liked the idea of my circulating among the "upper ten," and I awaited the next installment of my insignificant stipend with serene indifference to any thing but the fact that it would enable me to redeem my watch, if not my chain. Somehow I wanted to be square with De Roos at the earliest possible day.

It was by accident a trifle over a month, say a day or two, when I presented myself at my friend's office, money in pocket, with intent to regain possession of my ponderous and somewhat cherished heir-loom. Who so polite as De Roos!

"Chair, my boy. Have a cigar? Been up to the house lately? You seem to be making good headway there, ha? Serious intentions, eh? All right—lots of tin one of these days."

Before long I explained the object of my visit, and even the imperturbable De Roos changed countenance somewhat as he replied, rapidly,

"That watch? Why, I'd no idea you wanted ever to redeem. Month's up, you know. Sent him to the melting-pot yesterday. Sorry, 'pon honor. Must look out for business, you know."

"Month! Melting-pot!" I almost shouted. "I don't know any thing about a month. Here's my ticket—every pawnbroker in the city gives a year!"

And I whipped out my envelope, and tore from it the evidence of my property and the loan thereon. In fact I myself read it for the first time, while De Roos responded,

"Keep cool, my boy. I'm not a pawnbroker. I thought you understood these things. Read it through."

I did; and, surely enough, it was by no means a pawn-ticket, nor was there on it any mention of any loan on interest. It was simply an agreement to *sell* to me, on the day which had just expired, a watch whose number and description I knew only too well, at a price specified, and which was nearer ninety dollars than seventy-five.

For a moment I was fairly furious, and even uttered vague threats of vengeance; but De Roos never lost his equanimity.

"Keep cool, my boy. I'm sorry, and all that sort of thing. Don't want to make a cent out of you. 'Tisn't likely it's melted yet; and if you really want it, I'll send down and get it back for you. Come in to-morrow at three. Now, don't get mad. Be decent, and have another Havana. Thought you knew what you was about, you know."

So I consented to smoke and be pacified, and finally went away in the full assurance that I had really never met a better fellow than De Roos, the fashionable "diamond broker."

Faithfully to the hour, I was on hand the next day as the clock struck three. Having now no time-piece of my own, I had learned to appreciate clocks, both public and private. A lurking feeling of uneasiness may account for the fact that I had not called on the De Silvers during the previous evening.

I was promptly on hand, as I said, at the door of the elegant office of my elegant friend, the diamond broker; but, somewhat to my astonishment, that door would by no means yield to my repeated attempts to open it. In short, it was locked.

"Gone out for a moment," I muttered. "Well, I'll wait."

I was quietly proceeding to do so, when I suddenly found myself roughly collared by somebody in a state of excitement, while a trembling voice demanded,

"You scoundrel! You are one of his set. I've seen you with him! Where is he, and where is Matilda?"

After a moment of utter bewilderment I managed to recognize in my unlooked for assailant the parental De Silver himself—the banker—and stammered out a half-choked declaration of my utter ignorance.

"You lie, Sir! He's gone! Matilda's gone with him! He's got all the money! You come with me to the house! Come right along now!"

Any lily of any valley could have offered more resistance than I did, for I felt that I was acquiring valuable information, and I went along with the banker. He talked incessantly, and I speedily became aware that the money used by De Roos in his extensive transactions as a "diamond broker" had been furnished from the very respectable coffers of Matilda's father. Business had been good of late, and both loans and deposits had been quite large enough to suggest to the elegant young financier a master-stroke in his own peculiar line. Beyond doubt no amount of "interest" would now suffice to redeem that precious jewel of a daughter, and De Roos had taken care to secure her portion in advance. After all, he had only, in reality, married the daughter of his partner in business—in a somewhat quiet way.

I remembered about the diamonds at the party, and was now quite persuaded that they were real.

When we arrived at the house we found it in a certain degree of well-regulated confusion, and Madame, the mother of the vanished Matilda, in a very impressive state of weeping and distraction; but what interested me most was a pale face that I met in the hall. It was that of Clara Payne; and I heard her mutter, in a voice whose half-despairing tone I well remembered:

"Gone? And I had so counted on her promise!"

It flashed upon me that another month's rent was over-due. The money that should have redeemed my grandfather's watch was burning in my pocket; and as I thrust it into her hand I said to her:

"You have proved yourself good pay, Miss Payne; you won't run away with any body. Just take that and run away out of this."

This time she actually did smile in my face, but she hurried away without a word.

It took some time to convince the old banker that I was not an accomplice of De Roos; and, though he had to pay too much money on the "failure" of his sudden son-in-law ever to pardon *him*, he seemed to pardon me very readily when he found that I had not done any thing. In fact, the shape his pardon took has been worth something to me. As for Clara Payne, I have seen her since several times. In fact, I see her every time I go home.

SEEING BY LIGHTNING.

IN the Polytechnic of London some curious and interesting experiments are being made with a monster "induction coil," which mimics lightning in a remarkable manner. In the darkened theatre of the Institution the long flash lights up the room and the audience with the peculiar lurid glare so well known as an effect of brilliant lightning at night, and displays the features and action of every one present. But it is curious to note that, the flash being of instantaneous duration only, it allows no *motion* to be seen. We should think, if guided by our consciousness alone, that the flash lasted an appreciable time; but this would be an error, due to the persistence of the impression on the eye after the flash itself had ceased. If the room be made perfectly dark, and if the spectators all raise their arms and wave their hands to and fro as quickly as they can the flash will display the position of the arms, but not the movements of the hands. *While the flash lasts the hand has no time to move*, and is consequently seen, as if motionless, in the position in which the flash finds it. It is in contemplation to exhibit the same effect in a more complete way by affixing a picture to a revolving disk. When the disk revolves so rapidly that no outlines of the picture can be distinguished by means of any ordinary light, they will be perfectly seen in a darkened room by the light of the flash. It lasts so short a time that the revolving disk does not change its position in the brief period.

OUR ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Putnam's Magazine for July contains an elaborate article showing the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in this city and State. The facts presented in this article are so important that we reprint a well-digested *resumé* of it recently published in the New York *Evening Post:*

Putnam's Magazine for July contains an article entitled "Our Established Church," which will be, we suspect, very much read. Its aim is to show that the Roman Catholics have to a considerable extent succeeded in making theirs the established church of this city and State.

The writer estimates that the real estate owned in fee by "one or other of five ecclesiastics in this State," Roman Catholic Bishops, is worth nearly fifty millions of dollars. He remarks that the Irish (Protestant) Church now to be disestablished owns but eighty-five millions of property; and he proceeds to give some examples of the grants and gifts of public money and real estate made to the Roman Catholics in this State.

STATE MONEY TO ROMAN CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

Not far from the year 1847 the diligent explorer of our annual statutes will find, almost for the first time, a few donations for charitable purposes quietly stowed away in the depths of the "Act making appropriations for the support of the government" for the current year. Here and there also begin to appear special statutes for like purposes—as, for example, the Act of 1849 (chapter 279), appropriating $9000 of money raised by general tax to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity in Buffalo. From this point, however, the honorable rivalry of parties was producing a like result to that which attends the not dissimilar emulation of a public auction. The bids rose one above another with a boldness which possibly was not diminished by the fact that the bidders were offering what did not belong to them. From year to year, more and larger benefactions of this class were found necessary to "the support of the government," until in 1866 they had multiplied sufficiently to be collected into a distinct "Charity Bill," which has been annually enacted ever since, as solicitously as if, like the English Mutiny Act, all our liberties depended upon it.

At the same time, and by a movement almost precisely parallel, the yearly statute-book has been encumbered annually to a greater degree with the enactments which authorize the one for the city of New York, the other for the precisely conterminous county, the levy of such sums as the State deems adequate for municipal government, and which prescribe the general objects for which they may be expended. Exactly in like manner, there begin to be discovered in these "Tax Levy" bills considerably less than twenty years ago, the same germs which have fructified so bountifully in the general "Charity Bill" for the State at large. By virtue of the enactment last mentioned the State paid out during the year 1866, for benefactions under religious control, $129,025 49. Of this a Jewish society received $2484 32; four organizations of the Protestant sects had $2367 03; while the trifling balance of $124,174 14 went to the religious purposes of the Roman Catholics.

Looking, by way of variety, at the following year for data regarding the strictly municipal gifts for like purposes, we find from the last report of the Comptroller of the city, that during 1867 there was paid to Catholic ecclesiastical institutions the sum of near $200,000, aside from what may lie hidden in a vast total of more than a million, of which the details can be found only in the report of the Department of Public Charities and Correction. While there are other benefactions in the list, hardly any are for objects having even remotely a religious character, and not one for a sectarian object. And if the proportion thus indicated hold good in the State and civic gratuities of 1868, which exceeds, we can hardly say by how much, the princely sum of half a million, it must be conceded that the Church is in a fair way of obtaining its own, with perhaps a trifle of what others might lay some claim to.

But these figures do not fully indicate the favor with which the Catholic Church has been treated by her children in the official station, co-operated with as they have been by the well-disposed outside the fold.

The last Comptroller's report contains, with regard to certain of the real estate which yet remains on the island of Manhattan, some interesting avowals, by which the city government is willing to let its light so shine before men that they may see its works, and glorify its father, which is—no matter where. In the schedule of city property, subject to the payment of ground rent (pp. 166–169), we find that the premises on "Fifty-first Street and Lexington Avenue" are leased to the (Catholic) Nursery and Child's Hospital; that the lease is dated April 1, 1857, is perpetual, and for the *annual rent of One Dollar*, which was three years in arrears. That the property on "Eighty-first and Eighty-second streets and Madison Avenue" is leased to the "Sisters of Mercy;" that the lease (the date of which is not given) is perpetual, and the annual rent one dollar, which, however, had been paid until within two years of the report. That the land on Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets, Fourth and Fifth avenues," was leased April 1, 1857, to "The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum," perpetually, for the annual rent of one dollar. This sum, however, it is gratifying to observe, has been fully paid to the end of 1867.

Upon some part of this property or upon another tract, *held by a like title and upon similar terms*, is in course of erection the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is intended to be worthy of its proud rank of metropolitan church of this great commonwealth.

From estimates of those competent to appraise land in New York, it appears that these blocks alone are worth not less than $3,000,000. It may be concluded, therefore, that the city would get the worth of this property, if it applied every payment upon the principal, asking nothing for interest, in about one million years.

In so extraordinary a ratio has this devout allotment of the public revenues increased that what in 1849 was but about $13,000, and that given grudgingly, is grown to not far from $500,000 in 1868, bestowed with the frank generosity of those who give of others' goods.

PUBLIC MONEY GIVEN TO ROMANIST SCHOOLS.

To what degree the vehement effort of the Church, with such helpers as these, to become independent of State education, has hitherto been successful, may be judged from the data already given, as well as from the stately edifices which in the parishes of every city rival or surpass the grandeur of the State's school-houses. Nor does the Church longer stand, as once it did, in the attitude (well as the attitude becomes Christ's poor) of a mendicant at the door of the State House, asking for gratuities toward the support of its separate schools.

It has already established by action in the Supreme Court the clear legal right of its orphan asylums, numerous as they are, and liberal as they are in the degree of bereavement required for admission to their scholastic privileges, to an equal participation in all moneys raised by taxation for school purposes in the State, in proportion to their number of pupils.

Thus having begun with the demand that public schools be made rigorously secular; having then obtained that sectarian schools be supported by the State, the only remaining step toward complete ecclesiasticism in education is now vehemently urged, that *all secular schools shall be abolished as mere seminaries of atheism*. Then, and then only, in the view of the *Catholic World* for May, 1868, will public education be put upon its true ground—the ground upon which so much has been done for universal education in Italy and Spain, and from which that service has lately been dislodged with violence in Austria and France.

Nor is the step a long or a difficult one which separates the actual condition of affairs from the one longed for as an ultimate settlement. Even while we write, the bill which shall do the business, having been maturely considered by the Committee of the Senate on "Charitable and Religious Societies," has been reported favorably to that body. Its first section, which contains its substance, is a simple provision that "whenever there shall be or has been established and maintained in any city of this State any free school or schools in which not less than two hundred children have been or are taught and educated gratuitously, it shall be the duty of such city or of the Board of Supervisors of the county of which such city is a whole or a part, to make provision from year to year for the expenses of such school or schools."

It is not as deep as a well, nor as wide as a door; but it is enough. Only let it pass, and what the Church asks for in vain in Ireland, what it has had wrested from it in Austria and Italy, it will have once and forever in New York. Perhaps it will not pass—at this session; but the Church can bide her time. In some not distant year parties may not be so adjusted in the Legislature as now. When the day comes it may well be believed that *the discrimination which provided in the last Senate that this particular committee should contain a majority of Catholics*, small as was their minority in the Senate; which has provided in the present Senate that *a majority should be made up of Catholics and certain allies of the Protestant name* who are ready to maintain the great system of Catholic schools by public largesses, on condition that their own little scheme of sectarian education may nibble at the crumbs that fall from their master's table; that such discrimination will see that the interests of religion are cared for. And whatever may be the difficulty and expense of passing the bill, it will be harder yet to repeal it.

THE OFFICES AND ROMAN CATHOLICS.

It might perhaps be worth while, if any one should prefer mere superficial or external signs of supremacy, to notice a few such as may be found in the city of New York itself. Not many a state church in the present age imposes the test of membership as a condition of holding civil office. The Church in Austria does not; in England it has not for forty years; in France not for eighty. It does not yet in New York. How near it comes to it may be partly guessed by any one who will look over a list of New York elective officers with the discriminating sense of him "who knew the stranger was an American from his name, O'Flaherty." If the inference from nationality should be deemed illusive, because not all Irishmen are Catholics, let it be remembered that the Catholics who are not Irish will far more than make such an error good. Such researches would show a judiciary adorned with the names of Shandley, Conolly, Hogan, and Dennis Quinn, and would lead us into very green fields of nomenclature; but some one else has prepared, from better data than mere names, the following summary of Irish office-holders as they were at the end of 1868:

Sheriff,
Register,
Comptroller,
City Chamberlain,
Corporation Counsel,
Police Commissioner,
President of the Croton Board,
Acting Mayor and President of the Board of Aldermen,
President of the Board of Councilmen,
Clerk of the Common Council,
Clerk of the Board of Councilmen,
President of the Board of Supervisors,
Five justices of the Courts of Record,
All the civil justices,
All but two of the police justices,
All the police-court clerks,
Three out of four coroners,
Two members of Congress,
Three out of five State senators,
Eighteen out of twenty-one members of Assembly,
Fourteen-nineteenths of the Common Council, and
Eight-tenths of the Supervisors.

In no European country, we say it with some confidence, has the clergy of a Catholic establishment its hands more nearly closed upon the whole system of public education than here in New York. Nowhere in Europe is the hierarchy of an establishment appointed by the Papal See in such absolute independence of the civil government as here.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HARTFORD is a city of delightful residences; and a very pleasant trip thither is made at this season by boat, leaving this city at 4 P.M., arriving at Hartford next morning. Or, more fully to enjoy the sail on the charming Connecticut by day, if by chance you are coming from the East, take the morning or noon train from Springfield, and you will have a few hours in which to ride or walk about Hartford before the afternoon boat leaves there. We chose a drive, when passing over that route the other day, stipulating for an easy carriage and a communicative driver. Up through Asylum Street first. Elegant residences, with most tasteful grounds, on every side; trees and shrubs of every variety, whose fresh, delicate, June foliage contrasts beautifully with the luxuriant richness of the hedges. The wealthy people of Hartford do not live in restricted quarters, but extend their borders, apparently *ad libitum*, and show much good taste in their surroundings.

The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Insane Retreat are handsome buildings, retired and shady, giving a very pleasant impression to the stranger. The grounds of the latter are extensive, and the drive through them is open to the public a part of the day. This Asylum has recently been enlarged for the better accommodation of private patients.

Perhaps the most attractive private residence is that belonging to the widow of Mr. Samuel Colt, inventor of the famous Colt's revolver. He died several years ago, having acquired an immense property. Although an imposing monument is erected to his memory in one of the city cemeteries, he is buried upon his own grounds. Mrs. Colt is said to have a "mile and a quarter of green-houses!" and they certainly extend farther than the eye can reach. Her grounds are laid out beautifully, adorned with every variety of shrubbery and many fine pieces of statuary. The factories stand some distance from the house, a luxuriant meadow intervening, which is drained by an extensive dyke, built by Mr. Colt. On the banks of this dyke he planted willow-trees, and near by is a manufactory where is made "every thing that can be made from the willow-twig." In this vicinity is the "Church of the Good Shepherd," built and sustained entirely by Mrs. Colt, and is free to all. We learned that the Artesian well upon Mrs. Colt's grounds, which attracted so much interest a while ago, is not yet entirely completed.

The spot where the venerable Charter Oak stood was pointed out; but, alas! it was covered with stone flagging, and made part of the common highway.

An exchange says that the "coming woman" of the Boston city government is Miss Emily Judson Harris, daughter of the President of the Common Council, who is to read the Declaration of Independence at the celebration on the Fourth of July. The young lady is a graduate of the Everett School.

In Italy and Sicily the finest and sweetest grapes grow on the rocky rubbish of volcanoes, and on the loose soil along rocky hill-sides. This fact would seem to indicate that rich soil is not necessary to produce the sweetest grapes.

From Wisconsin comes a dreadful report concerning two children—a boy of seven and a girl of four years—living in Milford, who were bitten by a mad dog. The parents were informed by attending physicians that the only possible way for the children to escape the agonies of *rabies* would be to take their lives. Incredible as it may seem, they administered an opiate to the boy and bled him to death, and the girl was smothered in a feather-bed.

The cause of missions has experienced a great loss in the recent death of Rev. Jonas King, D.D., who has been for many years a zealous missionary of the Gospel in the capital of Greece. He was a graduate of Williams College, and afterward Professor of Oriental Literature at Amherst College. About three years ago he returned from the scene of his labors in Athens on account of his health. The change was beneficial, and he again went to Greece, but soon sickened. He was a man of remarkable ability and of varied and extensive information. He was closely identified with the question of international comity between the United States and Greece, and did much to advance both religious and civil liberty in the latter country.

A clergyman in Kansas complains that he has married but one couple in a year. They paid him nothing, staid to dinner, borrowed his umbrella when they left, and never returned it!

Men do not always mean what they say any more than women. A very pretty girl, who was a little proud of her good looks, was reproached by her lover for caring more for her beauty than for his love. So she broke off her four front teeth to prove her love, and then cast herself at his feet. But having lost her beauty she lost her lover also.

Mr. Miall, member of the British Parliament, and leader of the most advanced Liberals, advocates, of course, the right of women to vote. But he also looks forward to the time "when neither in the factory nor in other great shops of industry will women's work be needed; when husbands will be sufficiently remunerated for their toil—when capital and labor will have become so far reconciled one to another as that men may do the work of men, and women may be spared that work in order that they may the more fully preside over the work of the household." He says: "*We* were condemned to work; *you* (women) have been appointed rather to help us who work by your sympathy, your providence, your care, and your love."

Germany has upward of one thousand mineral springs and baths. Vichy has long been famous for its thermal springs; of these there are eight principal ones, ranging in temperature from 66 to 111 degrees Fahrenheit. The waters are acidulous and alkaline, their principal ingredients being carbonate of soda and carbonic acid gas. They are considered particularly efficacious in chronic disorders of the liver and digestive organs, obstructions of the spleen, diseases of the kidneys, and gout. The waters are bottled and exported for the cure of these complaints; but to effect a radical cure the bath must be taken daily while drinking the waters.

A good story is told of a genuine Yankee from "down East," who, passing through Washington last winter, determined to see General Grant. He called at the War Office, and told the door-keeper his wishes.

"The General is engaged," said the door-keeper.

"Well, I want to see him."

"Upon business?"

"No, Sir; I want to *see* him. I don't want an office; I don't want to speak to him even; I don't want to occupy a moment of his valuable time. I want to see him merely."

"He is busy."

"When will he be out?"

"In about *four* hours."

"Well, I am not going home without seeing General Grant. No, *Sir;* and unless I am thrust out, with your leave I will sit here until he appears." Then, dropping into a chair, he resigned himself to the probable four hours' sitting.

Presently the door-keeper was missing, but he soon returned with, "If you will go with me I will show you General Grant."

He followed him into another room, and was introduced to General Grant. The General extended his hand, and expressed himself happy to see him. He shook the General's hand, took a good hearty look at him, and turned to depart, saying, "My ambition is satisfied. I have *seen General Grant!*"

"Take a chair, Sir, take a chair," said the General, appealingly. "I am happy to see you."

"Thank you, Sir; I will not occupy a moment of your valuable time. I came to *see* General Grant; I have seen him. His time is valuable; so is mine. Good-by, Sir." And bowing, he left the room, followed by a merry laugh from the astonished President-elect.

The following suggestions to bathers have recently been issued by the Royal Humane Society of London, and are worthy of consideration:

"Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal.

"Avoid bathing when exhausted from any cause.

"Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration; but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water.

"Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

"Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet.

"The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach.

"The young and those that are weak had better bathe three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast.

"Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suffer from diseases of the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser."

A new and curious bug has been discovered on the leaves of the cotton plant in some sections of the South, which, it is feared, may prove a destructive agent. It is nearly an inch in length, black, with red stripes, and looks something like a grasshopper, though wingless.

When Dr. Musgrave made his speech on reunion, in the Old School Assembly last May, he excused himself for speaking so long. He was not, he said, like his Scotch brother who used notes. An old lady was told that the minister did so. She disbelieved it. Said one: "Go into the gallery and see." She did so and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page he said, "But I will not enlarge." The old woman cried out from her lofty position: "Ye canna, ye canna, for yer paper's give oout!"

A portrait of President Grant, now nearly completed, is in a temporary studio at the White House upon the easel of Mr. A. B. Kittell, an artist of New York. The likeness is very perfect. The President is dressed in plain black, and is represented as sitting at a table, upon which are writing materials.

The name Audubon is of French origin; it is extremely rare, and while confined in America to the family of the naturalist, John James Audubon, has in France been traced only among his ancestry. His grandfather, John Audubon, was born at the small village of Sable d'Olonne, in La Vendee, forty-five miles southwest from Nantes. The naturalist himself was born in New Orleans, May 4, 1780; but much of his early life was spent in Nantes, where he made frequent excursions into the country, always returning laden with specimens of natural history. It was at Nantes that Audubon began to draw sketches of French birds. The first volume of Audubon's "Ornithological Biography" was published at Edinburgh in 1834, and the subscription price was one hundred and eighty guineas for the complete work. Probably no naturalist has ever furnished so complete and perfect a work of ornithology. He died at his home on the banks of the Hudson in the year 1848, aged sixty-eight; and the "Life of Audubon," which has just been published, is a noble record of strength of purpose and perseverance, actuated by the highest motives.

A good old Massachusetts doctor met a sexton in the street one day. After the usual salutations, the doctor began to cough.

"Why, Doctor," said the sexton, "you have got a cold. How long have you had that?"

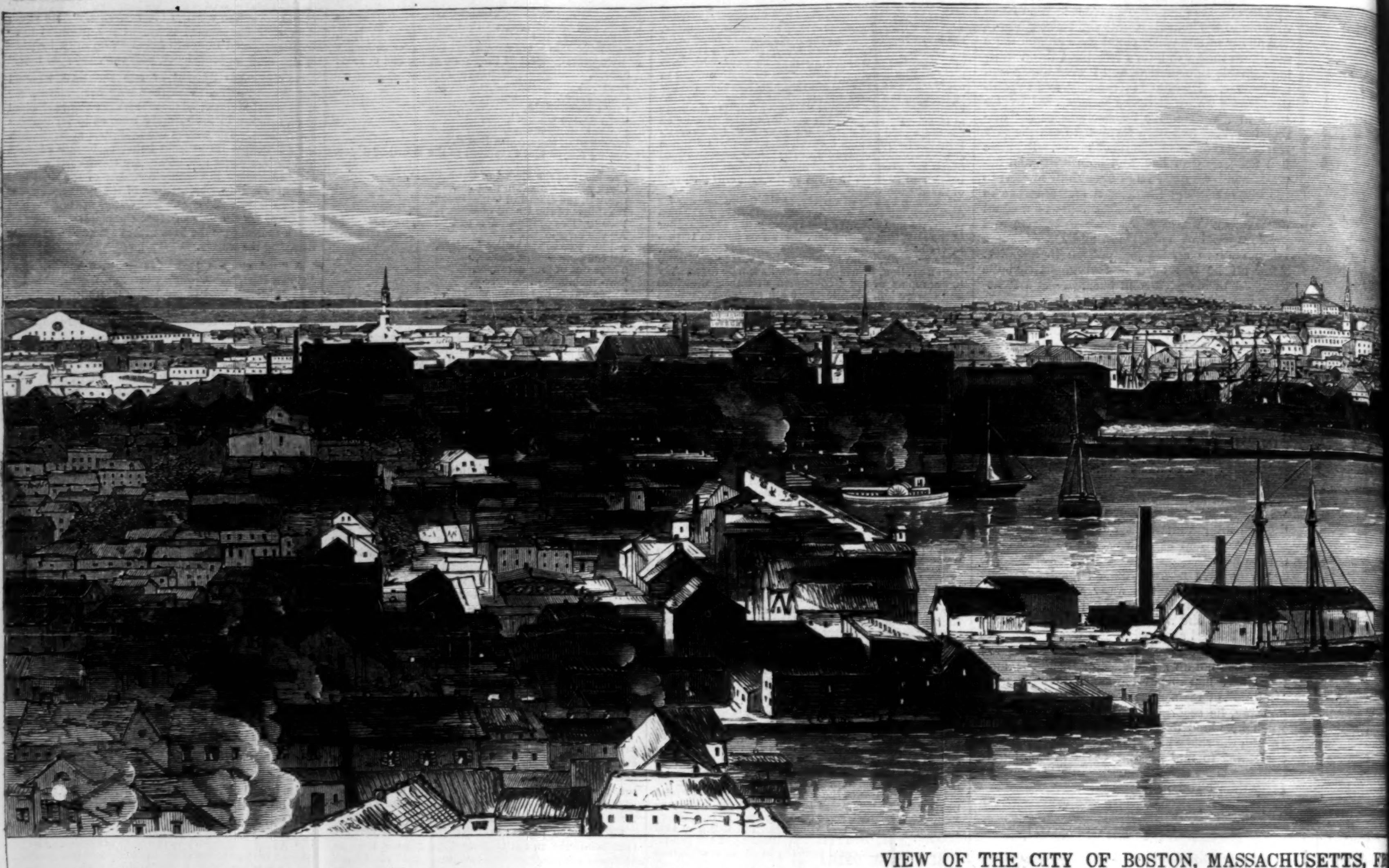
"Look here, Mr. Sexton," said the doctor, with a show of indignation, "what is your charge for interment?"

"One dollar," was the reply.

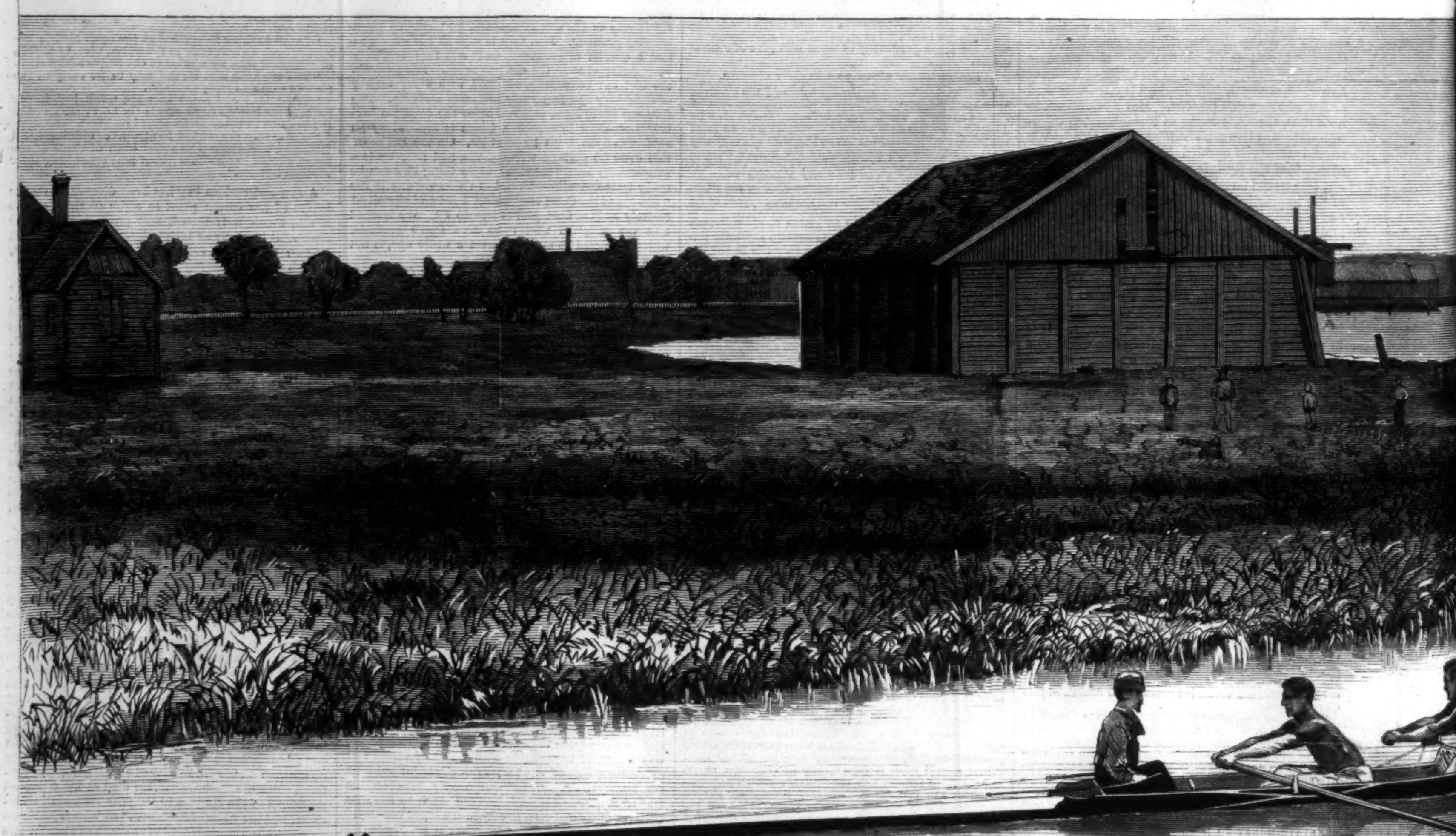
"Well," continued he, "just come into my office, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you round, and so anxious about my health."

The sexton was soon even with him, however. Turning round to the doctor, he replied,

"Ah, doctor, I can not afford to bury you yet. Business has never been so good as it has been since you began to practice."

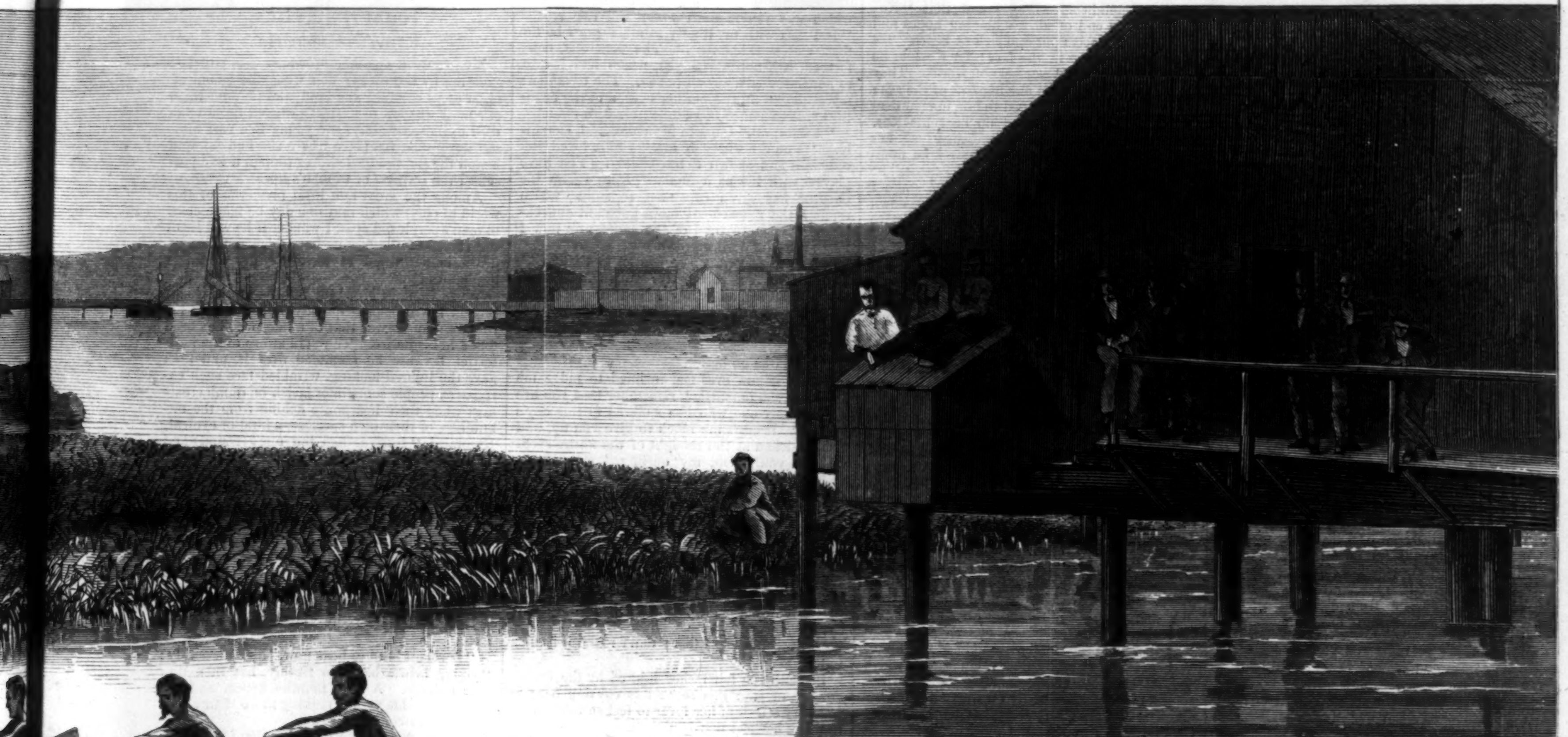


VIEW OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, F



INTERNATIONAL REGATTA—THE HARVARD CREW TRAINING ON THE CHARLES

S, FR[OM TH]E SOUTH.—Photographed by John A. Whipple.—[See Page 429.]



S [RI]VER.—Photographed by John A. Whipple, 297 Washington Street, Boston.—[See Page 422.]

PEACE.

"The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."—Abraham Lincoln.

Serene in her youthful beauty
  To-day Columbia stands,
She has beckoned Peace to attend her,
  The sword has dropped from her hands.
She sees her flag unsullied
  Wave proudly o'er Freedom's dome;
All her weary toil is ended,
  She is calling her children home.

For the mystic cord of the Union
  Men strove to rend in twain,
Long silent to all entreaty,
  Responds to the touch again!
Responds, as if God's own Spirit
  Swept over the outstretched cord,
And thrills the heart of the nation
  As 'twere the voice of the Lord.

Hands that were clasped in battle
  In friendship now are pressed;
Lips that once breathed out slaughter
  Their error have confessed;
Eyes that flashed hate and vengeance
  Their angry lustre cease,
Feet shod swift for destruction
  Now tread the paths of peace.
The ears of the deaf are opened,
  Unsealed the voice of the dumb,
As millions arise together,
  And answer, "We Come! We Come!"

Oh! day of joy and gladness,
  When thus the States agree,
From shore to shore uprising,
  To keep the Jubilee!
Our fields with grain are ripening,
  Our barns with plenty stored;
The wealth of a hundred nations
  From the dust of our hills is poured!
Rivers glint in the sunlight,
  Insects chirp and hum,
Trees bend 'neath their leafy verdure,
  And the Summer of Peace is come!

The laborer seeks his cabin,
  From his daily toil to rest;
And the rich man has no power
  The poor man to molest.
On the soil to Freedom given
  No slaves in bondage lag;
And the Old World's despots tremble
  At sight of our Starry Flag!

The Northern Lights are blending
  With the rays of the Southern Cross,
And the gulf is bridged between them
  By a common sense of loss.
Over the graves, already,
  Where our loved ones were lain,
Who walked through the fatal valley,
  Brothers by brothers slain,
Bloom the flowers, God's angels,
  Speaking of better things—
Of endurance, wrought from sorrow;
  Forgiveness, from death that springs.

Never was wrong so hidden—
  Never the dead so dear!
Many a mound is watered
  By the stranger's loving tear.
And the roses smell as sweetly
  That strangers' hands have grown;
And the harvest never faileth
  Where Love the seed hath sown.

Cling-clang! the bells are singing;
  Boom! 'tis the cannon's notes;
The songs of peace are ringing
  From a hundred thousand throats!
Glory to God in the highest!
  Amen! let the people say;
Oh, the very stones would rebuke us
  If we should be mute to-day!
Glory to God in the highest,
  Who hath formed the earth and sky;
Who ruleth over the nations,
  And maketh his throne on high!
Who keepeth our feet from falling,
  And aideth our weak endeavor;
Who saveth our life from destruction,
  For his mercy endures forever!

To Him, oh ye ransomed people,
  Be praise and honor given,
For the blessings He hath sent us,
  And the bonds His hand hath riven!
For He looked upon our affliction,
  And hath taken away the sword;
He hath ended our days of mourning,
  And peace to our Land restored!

Boston, *June* 15, 1869. Susan J. Adams.

POPE PIUS IX.

It is not generally known, I believe, that Pope Pius the Ninth was in his youth prevented from entering the guard of honor of the Viceroy of Italy in consequence of his being subject to attacks of epilepsy. He came from Sinigaglia to Rome, and entered the priesthood in 1814, being then in his twenty-seventh year. The infirmity to which he was subject was as great a bar to his advancement in this profession as in the military, and it is said that his admission was granted by Pius the Seventh only on the condition that, when he celebrated the mass, he should be assisted by another priest. He officiated for the first time in the church attached to the orphanage in which he had for some time instructed the children, on Whit-Sunday in the year 1819. The attacks of epilepsy to which he had been subject became less and less frequent; and four years after entering the priesthood he was appointed by the Pope attaché to an ecclesiastical and political mission sent to South America. On his return from this mission to Rome he was appointed Archbishop of Spoleto, by Pope Leo the Twelfth, and was consecrated in 1827. It is considered doubtful whether his real age is seventy-seven or seventy-nine, the register in which the date of his birth was entered having been destroyed during the revolution. Though for several years preceding the last three or four it was repeated almost daily in letters from Rome that he was suffering from some complaint or other which could not fail to kill him, it was affirmed by those who had good opportunities of judging of the matter that, both physically and mentally, he was as sound as a man could wish to be. He has not attained what are known in Rome as "Peter's years;" that is to say, he has not occupied the papal throne twenty-five years two months and a week, as the tradition runs that Saint Peter did. Nevertheless, he comes nearer that limit than any other Pope who has ever reigned; for though many kings have ruled during more than a quarter of a century, no Pope ever has, unless we accept the Peter tradition. The nearest to the period before Pius the Ninth is Pius the Seventh, who died fifteen weeks and two days before the charmed day arrived.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XVII.

"IT IS NOT WORTH THE KEEPING."

"It is all over, then?"

What was all over? Not the murmurous kiss of the waves slipping up the ridges of warm golden shingle; not the bright sun-flecks that played with the shadows on the sea's mutable breast; nor the beauty of the woman who sat leaning against the sides of a jutting rock, her sweet languid eyes cast downward to avoid the glare of the sun, her listless hands crumpling notches of dried sea-weed, and her heart beating not one whit faster than the cool pulses of the drowsy sea. That which was over was Captain Mowbray's hope of winning the woman he loved. He had taken his friend's advice, and now he had his answer—not a straightforward one, for Lady Diana rarely had courage to be prompt and decided in these surgical operations of cutting away hearts she had taught to cling to her. She sought to temporize and to soothe. She was particularly tender and gentle in her manner when her victim was young and handsome.

When Captain Mowbray found that "No" was to be the end of all his longing hopes and angry fears, he felt faint and sick at heart. He could not look her in the face; for a while he could not speak to answer her soft words. They seemed to sway with the moving flow of the sea; and "No, no, no," was lisped to him in countless ripples as the waves surged up near his feet. He had written, as he had purposed, to ask her to decide his fate. "If your answer be unfavorable, I do not know how I shall bear it," he wrote. "Remember how great is the stake I have thrown at your feet. Do not trample down my life. If I lose you I believe it would drive me mad—"

"They all say that," Lady Diana thought, as she looked at the letter tenderly; "but dear me! most of them get over it much sooner than they think they will."

"I must take your answer from your own lips," he concluded. "Will you meet me on the beach of the East Cliff this afternoon?"

"If I name five I shall get it over before dinner."

At four o'clock she strolled down to the sea-side, and seated herself in the broken shadow of the rock, having just time to assume a graceful posture when she heard the quick, impatient steps of her lover crashing through the shingle above. Now, as he lay by her feet, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes turned away from her, with his whole soul sickened by disappointment, she felt very sorrowful for him, and again wished that he had not forced her to this painful necessity. He had put his question so briefly and determinately that she had not much scope for evasion. Still she did her best. She surrounded her refusal with such a sweet confusion of regret, remorse, and reciprocal passion, that any other less acute than a lover might have been beguiled by the garlands with which she bedecked the hearse of hope. But through all the music of her broken words, all the tears that dimmed the sleepy depths of her gray eyes, Captain Mowbray read the word death; and as the sense of his failure grew upon him his face became white, and his eyes dark with pain and anger. Death to love's thrall, love's fire, and love's hope—that was the portion the pink lips had dealt out on this slumbrous afternoon. When a ribbon fluttered from the woman's hair over Thurstan's hand, he caught it round his wrist, and kissing it passionately, wept a few hot, still tears, the sight of which filled Lady Diana with remorse and compunction. She had often seen men weep, and she always suffered pain at the sight. On this occasion, as on many others, she vowed that she would never again repeat an experiment fraught with so much grief of heart to others.

"You will soon get over this," she said, gently; "you will soon forget me."

"I do not believe now that I ever can forget either you or this hour. Oh, Diana! my darling! my darling! why will you not marry me? I would love you so, you could not help being happy with me."

She looked at him with a sort of tender envy. "I wish I could be as enthusiastic," she thought. Aloud she answered, softly, "You forget, Thurstan, that I am ten years older than yourself."

"What does that matter?" he said, simply. "You don't look it; and, besides, if a fellow loves a woman, what matters her age, if she's the only one woman that can make him happy?"

Lady Diana glanced stealthily around. There was no one in sight but the distant figure of a man who stood on a far-off headland, peering through a telescope.

"I wonder if it is a good glass," Lady Diana said to herself. Then she looked at the handsome face near her, pale with pain of her causing, and she decided to risk the telescope's having a long sight.

She drooped her head on to his shoulder, and the silky burden of hair which crowned it swept his lips.

"It can never be," she murmured; "but I do love you, Thurstan: never believe that I don't love you."

His face flushed as he felt her touch; his heart's-blood was a flame that blazed and ebbed as her breath.

"Then why not—?" he began.

"Do not go into that again: it can not be. It hurts me as much as it can you to refuse you!" she cried. "I can not tell you now all the reasons that make our union impossible. You must know that I would marry you if I could, and that I do like you above all other men."

He looked at her face now, and saw that it was working with emotion. He seized her by her hands, and looked steadfastly into her eyes.

"Oh!" he cried, with something like a groan, "can such a face lie?"

"I do not lie!" she went on, passionately. "I swear that I love you!"

"Then marry me!"

For a few seconds the lap of the waves was all that broke the brooding silence of the noon.

Should she end it now?—all the degrading trickery by which she was ever shaming her nature? Should she let all the small meannesses of coquetry be merged in one great honest love? Should she give up luxury and self-indulgence, and put away all those lusts of the flesh and the devil against which her godfather's and godmothers' liberal gifts of silver mugs and infantile spoons had made so poor a defense?

She heard the slow rush of the waves as it were in a dream; saw in a dream the glow of the day, and her lover's face looking yearningly in hers, as the sun shone down on their clasped hands; heard as in a dream the whisper of a passing angel, who swept the pure light of his wings over her soul, as he counseled her to accept the good impulse as a gift from heaven.

Then she looked up at Lord Orme's house, which was visible from where the two stood. "If I part with my liberty at all, it must be for that, and such as that." The generous, half-formed, half-murmured yea, which had leaped to her lips, died away unspoken. The tremulous regret passed away from her eyes, and the beautiful face was once more inflexible with denial.

"I see it all," Captain Mowbray said, gloomily. "You are weary of me. I have loved you too well, and shown it too plainly. You have played with me as a human toy to whom the Creator has given capability to suffer, which renders the amusement more poignant and exciting. You are tired of the game, and now I may go to the devil my own way."

"I do not suppose you will go to the devil," Lady Diana replied, quietly; "men inclined to traverse that road rarely retard or accelerate their footsteps on account of a woman's love. You will be no worse for this brief sharp pain in future."

"I shall be no better."

"And if you ever feel inclined to judge me harshly," she pursued, "remember that you are not the only one who has suffered in this day's parting. It costs me much to give you up, and I shall sicken at the thought of the future spent without you. Oh, my darling!" she added, with a sudden outburst of candid feeling, "I shall miss you terribly for a long time—for a long time!"

He looked at her longingly; but he did not speak. It is not easy even for the most consummate and experienced of coquettes to make a man believe that, while throwing him over, she is heart and soul his own.

"It is to be good-by, then?" he said, gloomily.

"It must be so, I fear; don't make it harder to me."

In truth she felt rather injured by the undue amount of pain this scene was causing her; it was very selfish of her lover to feel so much, and to make her feel that he did so.

"Good-by," he said; and he flung away her hands and turned to go.

She caught hold of his arm, pleadingly, and cast one more quick look round her.

"Kiss me once before you go."

It was weak of him to give way to the temptation, to grant her the benign triumph of feeling that he would be haunted by the memory of that kiss so long as he remembered her, and how she had wronged him. She had never given him her lips before; and she did so now that his heart was sore with provocation, because the kind-hearted wanton would fain administer a little honey with the sting; because she liked both him and herself so well that she wished to yield him balm for the wound, and to give herself such comfort as Anne Boleyn's executioner felt when he recalled that he had handled the queen's neck "full tenderly."

"Won't you kiss me?" she said, piteously.

He was only four-and-twenty, and as much of a philosopher as a dragoon at that age ordinarily is. He was insulted and angered by her conduct; he suspected her of treachery, and had felt inclined once or twice to-day to curse the lovely face which held him in such thrall.

But none the less did he feel the thrall; none the less was his heart drawn toward her every movement, her every trick of voice and gesture; and when he heard those faint beseeching tones, and saw the face he loved so near his own, he caught her in his arms, and kissed her in such fashion that she somewhat repented herself of her gentle advance.

"Go!" he said, at last, pushing her from him. "Go! I have got to feel very old in this hour; I feel pain and anger have taken all the youth out of me: perhaps one day you will be sorry that you threw away my love. Meanwhile you had better keep yourself out of my sight; for after having once touched your dear mouth I should find it hard not to repeat the offense, even though you should have married a worthier, and, what is better, a wealthier man."

But although he hurled this last reproach at her, he did not altogether believe what he hinted. Lady Diana's blandishments were rarely thrown away on the weak, vain natures of men. Captain Mowbray half acquitted her as he recalled the rapture of that last caress.

They parted with one lingering clasp of hands at the foot of the slopes; and then Lady Diana trailed her cool-hued draperies away in the direction of her house.

"Poor darling! how he felt it!" she thought, sadly.

But she smiled through her tears at a good-looking officer from the cavalry barracks, who was calling at her door as she arrived there, and begged that he would come and "cheer her solitude" to-morrow.

Then she entered her drawing-room, where a certain sheep-dog—a Miss Jones, a lady companion of Lady Diana's, generally only produced on state occasions, like the family plate—was knitting away time with various devices in crochet.

"Miss Jones," Lady Diana said, impressively, "do be so kind as to give orders that they do not boil the sweet-bread to rags to-night."

"Yes, Lady Diana."

"And oh! I am going to start for Italy in a few days, and hope for the pleasure of your company."

Lady Diana walked pensively out of the room.

"I shall find the Ormes at Spezzia," she said to herself, "and I shall sometimes row on that lovely lake with Lord Orme, and the eternal boatman who is always the only one who rowed Milor Byron up and down the gulf, and I will see Miss Slater and the girls at the bottom of that gulf before I permit them to join the expedition. Heigh-ho! there goes the dinner-bell."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

Meanwhile Captain Mowbray was still left standing by the rocks; and when the gloom of night crept over sea and land, and no faint tinge of sunset was left to flush the rugged-faced cliffs with evanescent glory, the young fool cast himself down near the place where she had sat, and kissed the sharp-edged cliff as though it had possessed the softness of woman's lips.

Among the great and little mysteries of this world of ours, which may one day be made clear to man's perplexed eyes, I wonder if he will learn the secret of the fascination which a flame of death is permitted to have for the harmless moths of night.

When Captain Mowbray returned to his lodgings in town Douglas quickly perceived that his friend's manner was that of a man who has been foiled in his desire. Thurstan swore at the bull-terrier because he stumbled over it, and then gave the injured-looking, wrinkled face such caresses as people sometimes lavish on dumb creatures when their hearts are aching from the unkindness of their own species—a kind of cynical, Byronical "I never had but one" (friend) and "here he lies," sort of feeling.

Then Thurstan could not eat his dinner, but sat and stared moodily at the various delicacies on the table, and begged that Douglas would take care of himself and "not mind him." When the meal was over, and the two sat in the moonlit balcony, smoking their cigars, Captain Mowbray could no longer keep the pain of his secret to himself, but burst out suddenly with—

"By G—, she's jilted me!"

Douglas looked sadly at the boy's downcast face.

"It seems hard to bear now," he said, gently; "young hearts bleed so freshly, but then they heal quickly. A few months hence, and the memory of this will be nothing more than a dull feeling of discomfort to you."

"It is all very well to say that," Thurstan cried, petulantly; "you don't know what it is to love a woman as I did this one, or you would understand that such pain as mine can not be forgotten quickly."

"And yet I once loved a devil in the guise of a woman so well that her loss made me a murderer and an outcast."

"Good God, Douglas! what do you mean?"

"Hear my story before you condemn me by my own words," Douglas said, quickly; "and when you have heard it, tell me if you don't think the love of a woman has laid a heavier burden on me than you are ever likely to be cursed with.

"When I was about five years older than you are now I was married to one of the prettiest creatures you ever saw."

"You married!" echoed Mowbray, with astonishment.

"She was as lovely as that portrait you showed me yesterday," pursued Douglas; "more lovely, because she was younger.

"She was my cousin, and I had loved her ever since she was a child and I a great gawky school-boy. I used to spend my midsummer

holidays at her father's place; and in the evenings, when he and his guests were at dinner, we wandered out by ourselves through the cool shadows of the park, and conjectured of the glorious far-off future. Ana would wear royal robes, and a gold crown round her brighter hair. She would own hundreds of slaves, and I should be her chief and most favored servitor. She would live surrounded by homage and adulation. She would have no nurses, but always jam tarts for dinner. She would wear red shoes, and build a room lined with mirrors. I used to think that she seemed very lovely as she sat with her little red mouth pursed up, and her eyes looking gravely bland at the contemplation of her future dignities. I, for my part, intended to travel. I wished to penetrate in the more desolate portion of the far East; where I could see the wild cherry-trees force their way through the old Asiatic temples, and hear the parrots chatter round the sacred fanes. Above all, I wished to kill a tiger, and to be gifted with strength that would enable me to thrash Tom Spenser, the big bully of our school. If at fifteen I had possessed half the intuition a girl has at ten, I should have already detected the coquettish propensities of my little Ana. She rarely moved without a side-long glance to see who was observing and admiring her pretty face; and at eleven years old she could fix a bunch of ribbons or a flower in her hair much more becomingly than could the old nurses who had attended her from her birth. Time passed away quickly and pleasantly in those days. I was very successful at school, and used to bring piles of prize-books to Ana and write her name inside them; announcing in crooked characters that they were given 'to her as keepsakes by her affectionate friend.' Ana smiled pleasantly at the gifts; but she generally gave me to understand that a new sash or a trinket would be more acceptable; and once she cried with rage and vexation when I presented her with my last school acquisition, a copy of the Odyssey, bound in morocco; for, as she said, 'Of what use was the nasty thing to her when she couldn't read it, and what business had I to be able to read it when she could not?'

"This is the pleasantest part of my story; the rest I will tell as briefly as possible. When Ana was seventeen and I eight-and-twenty we were married. I was always a grave, quiet man, and perhaps she never knew how gayly my heart used to beat at the sound of her laugh—how depressed I felt if the slightest cloud of discontent passed over her dear face. We were not very rich, and when my father's interest obtained me a lucrative appointment in India I was glad to accept it. We lived in India two years, blessed to me by the peaceful fullness of gratified love, and by the society of the creature I prized most in the world. One day I was summoned home to England. My father was in a failing state of health, and he was loth to die without once more seeing the faces of all his children. I could not resist such a summons, but I felt very sad at heart when my beautiful wife hung round my neck, giving me her farewell kiss.

"She had resigned herself to not accompanying me, she said, knowing that it was best so; but I must write often to her, or her heart would break under the weight of her loneliness.

"As I was leaving the door she ran up and asked me for one more caress. I gave her not one but many, and then I went on my way, observing with satisfaction that she watched me from the threshold as long as I was in sight.

"When I had gone about an hour on my journey I was seized with a terrible longing to see her again. I resisted the impulse for a few seconds, called myself a fool, and went on a few steps further; then I thought of Ana's face, from which I was going further and further away in the blackness, and turning my horse's head round, I galloped back toward home, and in less than three-quarters of an hour I was again at my own door. I dismounted and walked softly toward the window of our sitting-room. 'How pleased she will be,' I thought; 'how the dear face will beam at the sight of mine!'

"My heart beat fast with pleasurable agitation as I pressed my face close to the window. I was on the point of calling her by her name when I saw her—oh hell! I saw her sitting with her face turned away from me, her hands clasped in those of another man, her lovely head drooping languidly on his shoulder.

"I recognized the man at once; he was an officer of artillery who had been a frequent visitor to my house, and whom I had always believed to be the soul of honor.

"There are certain flowers the remembered odors of which sicken me; for that still summer night was steeped with their fragrance. There are voices to recall which sting me with intolerable agony—the voices of my wife and her lover, murmuring low, through the twilight, their joy in each other's society, their delight in my presumed absence.

"I can not dwell on the wreck of that moment. I dare not remember all the storm of horrible feelings that surged up in my breast.

"I did not pause to ask myself whether she were or were not guilty to the last extreme. From what I have since heard of her, I believe she was practically innocent; but were it so, I hold her to be more meanly criminal than if she had erred through an excess of illicit passion. Her heart was full of dishonor; her mind must have been most foul, if for mere vanity's sake she could so wrong me and herself.

"At that moment, when I saw her thus, I felt that I could sooner hold the vilest wretch that walked the streets to my bosom than the woman with whom I had lived for the last two years in happiness as beautiful as paradise.

"It was well for the grace of their parting that they did not perceive the pale face glaring against the window-pane. I can see now the smile with which he said, '*Au revoir!*' and her answering gesture, kissing her hand as he drew near the door and *me*, and her light laugh as he stooped to press his lips on her hand.

"I concealed myself in the shrubs until he had passed out of sight of the house, and then I followed him until he reached a secluded portion of the road.

'And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die,'

he sang as he went in a rich, clear voice.

"'Gad, how pretty she is! I'll light a cigar.'

"He stopped by the side of a broken bit of rock to strike a light, and when he turned round, whistling gayly, he met me face to face.

"I had my traveling pistols with me, for some of the wilder districts, through which on my journey I was bound to pass, were infested with robbers. Without speaking, I showed these to him, indicating that he was to select one. He took the pistol mechanically, and then fell back with a face white as death.

"I gave him a few seconds to recover himself, and then I broke the silence.

"'One of us *must* die!' I said, in a tone husky with the effort to repress my passion of rage and agony, 'so it shall only be six paces. You will fire first.'

"He had recovered the shock my unexpected appearance had caused him, and, to do him justice, he did not shrink now as he had done at the sight of my face.

"He kept his cigar in his mouth, only moving it to say,

"'It could not be in a fairer cause; God bless her!'

"Probably he did not mean to hit me, but we were mad—I with wrath, he with terror. I did not pause to consider *convenances*. I called to him to aim straight at me, and as he raised his hand a sort of prayer rose to my lips that I might fall; that my pain might pass away under the dim light of the stars; that I might close my eyes and never again open them to look man or woman in the eyes.

"I stood, however, untouched as his bullet whirred past me; and in another second he fell to the ground like a dog. He turned on his side, saying, 'O God, this is death!'

"Then he whispered something I could not hear. Whether he was muttering a farewell to some distant friend, or entreating vainly for assistance, I can not say. I knelt by his side and lifted his head.

"'Speak!' I cried, 'speak!' for the silence was driving me mad.

"He looked at me blankly for a few moments, not appearing to recognize me; then a flash of intelligence lighted up his face, and he said, in a tone of piteous reproach, 'You should have given me more time.' Then his eyes turned upward, his jaw dropped, and I knew that he would never speak any word again.

"I left him there, and mounting my horse, which was tethered close by, I rode away from the devilish spot, haunted by the horror of my own thoughts. The look I gave toward home was in itself a curse, could she have seen it. It was all the farewell I ever took of her.

"Yes, I left him there. I heard afterward that his body was found that very night; that it was carried away and wept over by his friends; that it lies in a marble tomb which is gay with flowers and sung over by birds; but to me, he always seems to be lying in the shadow of that road; his face drawn by the pang of coming death; his voice faint and piteous, sending up a protest between me and my God against the rash haste of my anger.

"Mowbray, I can't get away from those words; they are ever returning to me with the terrible force of avenging truth. Walking in the sunshine of day, or brooding in the dim eve—awake or asleep—in feasting or weeping—in laughter or in tears, I am stung by the memory of the dying man's reproach—'You should have given me more time.'"

"What became of your—of her?" Captain Mowbray asked.

"She is well, and happy, I believe," Douglas said, grimly. "Had she known that her infernal coquetry was to cause that man's death while his hand was still warm with her parting clasp, I do not believe that she could have refrained from practicing the arts that led to that result. Not a single flower, not a gaud nor a ribbon of hers would have been worn that night without scrupulous regard to effect, even had she foreseen that her pretty trickeries would result in a life being lost and a soul damned. Had Diana been doomed as an aristocrat in the Reign of Terror she would have stuck a rose over her ear as she went to the scaffold, and have looked unutterable things at the priest who confessed her."

"Was her name Diana?" said Captain Mowbray, with surprise.

"No, Ana; did I say Diana?" Douglas answered, confusedly; "I suppose I was haunted by the name of your inamorata."

"Ah!" Captain Mowbray observed, with a sigh, "Lady Diana has her faults—what woman has not?—but to do her justice, she is incapable of any thing of that kind. Her kindness has been very sweet to me; her unkindness very bitter; but I can not reproach her with levity. Her conduct toward other men in my presence has been simply perfect."

"The devil is never so dangerous as when he borrows an angel's face," Douglas observed, dryly.

"Devil or angel, I should love her equally," Thurstan said; "the worst of it is, that her having thrown me over don't make me love her a bit the less."

"What are your plans?" Douglas asked.

"I must join my regiment, I suppose. I have only a few days' leave."

"Much better go to Paris for a week."

"If I take more leave now I shall not get so much during the hunting-season," Thurstan said, disconsolately. "And why should I go to Paris?"

"I thought it would do you good," Douglas replied; "but," he added, with a slight smile, "I do not know that you require the panacea, since you can already look forward to the joy of next season's fox-hunting."

CHAPTER XIX.

AZALEA'S PERPLEXITY.

"WHAT'S to be done about your learning, Azalea?"

George Moore had recovered the power of speech, and the partial use of his limbs; but his language was often confused, and his face looked more troubled than it had done in the days before his seizure.

"What about it, dear?" Azalea said, anxiously; "I am sure I learn all you tell me to."

"But, do you know, Azalea?" the old man answered, somewhat piteously, "I'm not sure I always tell you right; my memory is gone, and sometimes I wake up in the night, and am teased by the thought I may have put you wrong; and then I want you to know how to do needle-work, music, arithmetic, and painting, and all those sort of things."

Azalea looked perturbed.

"I know a little arithmetic," she said, "from counting the apples. I do it all on my fingers."

The old man shook his head. "That isn't the right way."

"Any way's right which you can do quickly and best," Azalea observed, with unconscious philosophy. "And I can draw much better than Rosa or Amelia Orme; but then they're duffers."

"What?" Moore said, with a puzzled expression.

"Oh! that's one of Conrad's words," Azalea answered, laughing.

"I don't believe it's in the dictionary," the old man said, gravely: "I hope those little Ormes haven't taught you bad words."

"I won't say it again," Azalea answered, meekly.

And Moore felt gratified both at her obedience and the reflection that he had snubbed the unconscious Conrad, of whom he was secretly jealous; Conrad being the only person Azalea ever mentioned with affection when she referred to her visit to Brighton.

Moore looked with despair at the tattered Virgil, feeling how uncertain a tenure his wavering mind held of its contents. "I want her to hold up her head with the best of them when she grows up, so that he can't taunt her with not having tastes and manners like his." That speech of Lord Orme's, implying that Azalea would be degraded by the life she had elected to lead, was ever rankling in the old man's mind.

How to secure the requisite accomplishments without parting from his treasure was the problem that occupied his thoughts day and night.

Azalea confided the difficulty to old Sally: "I'm so sorry I can't learn more; it seems to vex daddy so much," she said.

"I'm sure you know as much as is good for you. I don't hold with too much larning; reading and writing only lead honest folks astray," Sally remarked, sententiously. "There's my eldest boy allays went to Sunday-schule, and was took so much count of he was made clerk in a bank, where he made use of his larning to forge his master's name, and write courtin' letters to his missus; and of course his master was much put out about it, and poor Sam was sent over the water. So take warning by Sam, my dear, in case you should be tempted and fall like him."

"Who teaches at the school now?" Azalea asked, disregarding the friendly warning; "who is the school-mistress?"

"A stuck-up thing who don't know B from a bull's foot," Sally said, contemptuously; "only the little chaps go there whose mothers want to keep 'em out of mischief. Schule is handy in gleaning time if they ain't good for nothing else."

"Is there no one else who teaches?" Azalea said, disconsolately; "isn't there a school where I could learn singing and dancing, and those sort of things?"

"They haven't got further than the *Old Hundredth* in the Sunday-schule; they try *Hallelujah* sometimes, but it sounds very comical."

Azalea pressed her face against the pane, and looked drearily at the red leaves whirring past.

"What's to be done?" she said; "daddy frets so over my false quantities; and then when he tries to explain, he stammers, loses his words, and cries. I quite dread the lesson hours."

"Mr. Douglas teaches the Squire's son," suggested Sally. A gleam of hope lit up Azalea's face.

"Who is he?" she asked. "Where does he live?"

"Oh! he's a mighty unsociable sort of man, who has come to live in the little house in the lane at the back of the church. He never will take a comfortable cup of tea with a neighbor, and shuts his door to the gentlefolks as well as the farmers; but he must be a wonderful clever man, for the Squire and the parson are going to send their lads there for a little while every holiday time, just to prevent their larning from slipping out of their heads like."

"If he teaches them, why shouldn't he teach me?" Azalea suggested.

Sally shook her head doubtfully. "I don't think he's much wropped up in gals; he won't have no one but an old woman to do for him, and they do say he's wonderful ugly temp red."

Azalea then fell upon Topaz, and bestowed many caresses on his wrinkled chin and smooth head, all of which the terrier received with an air of blinking condescension. Having soothed her mind by this proceeding, she put on her hat, and took the path that led to Church Lane, as that grassy shadowed road was called on the borders of which Robert Douglas's cottage stood.

FAILURE.

By JEAN INGELOW.

WE are much bound to them that do succeed;
But in a more pathetic sense are bound
To such as fail. They all our loss expound;
They comfort us for work that will not speed,
And life—itself a failure. Ay, his deed,
Sweetest in story, who the dusk profound
Of Hades flooded with entrancing sound,
Music's own tears, was failure. Doth it read
Therefore the worse? Ah no! So much to dare,
He fronts the regnant Darkness on its throne.
So much to do; impetuous even there,
He pours out love's disconsolate sweet moan.
He wins, but few for that his deed recall:
Its power is in the look which costs him all.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GOING TO EXTREMES.—A friend of ours is so humane that he can not even bear to dine upon hung beef.

HIPPOLOGICAL REASONING.—Why is horse-racing a necessity?—Because it is a matter of course.

"My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I not your only treasure?" "Yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven."

Not long since an elderly lady entered a railroad carriage at one of the Ohio stations, and disturbed the passengers a good deal with complaints about a "most dreadful rheumatiz" that she was troubled with. A gentleman present, who had himself been a severe sufferer with the same complaint, said to her:

"Did you ever try electricity, Madam? I tried it, and in the course of a short time it cured me."

"Electricity," exclaimed the old lady; "yes, I've tried it to my satisfaction. I *was struck by lightning* about a year ago, but it didn't do me a single mossel o' good."

In a class of little girls in one of the schools of Boston the question was asked, "What is a fort?" "A place to put men in," was the ready answer. "What is a fortress then?" asked the teacher. This seemed a puzzler, until one little girl of eight summers answered, "A place to put the women."

Two distinguished philosophers took shelter under one tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complaining that he felt the rain—"Never mind," replied the other, "there are plenty of trees; when this is wet through we will go to another."

At the late meeting of the Presbytery, when the subject of scripture was under discussion, Brother W—— said early in his ministry he and another brother were conducting a meeting in which there was much religious interest. An old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until it began to interrupt the services. Brother H—— said to Brother W——. "Go, stop that old man's noise." He went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet. Brother H—— asked Brother W——, "What did you say to the old man that quieted him so promptly?" Brother W—— replied, "*I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions.*"

A wealthy gentleman who owns a country seat nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old bachelor—wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

"My friends," said a returned missionary at a late anniversary meeting, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindostan, where I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb that, 'Though you bathe a dog's tail in oil, and bind it up in splints, you can not get the crook out of it.' Now a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which can not be eradicated: and I hold that every man be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace."

"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" "A willow branch, Sir; the master has used up almost a whole tree."

It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied: "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

An extraordinary instance of the power of sleep on the animal economy occurred the other day. A man, who was a great sleeper, was thought by his family to be lying too long, and upon their going to his room they found nothing in the bed but his night-cap. From certain circumstances connected with physiology a medical gentleman gave it as his opinion that he had slept himself out.

"If we go to war, father," said a bright-eyed boy, the other day, to his clerical parent, "from what part of the Bible shall you get the text for a new sermon?" The good minister being taken by surprise at the question, thought a moment, and then smoothing the locks of the child with a sort of paternal pride, answered that he believed it would be from *Lamentations*.

Dan Marble tells a story about a Yankee tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man said he "was sorry, very sorry indeed, that he could not pay it." "Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are sorrier than I am, I'll quit."

A lady, proudly conscious of her dignity, while descanting on the superiority of nobility, remarked to a large company of visitors that the three classes of the community, nobility, gentry, and commonalty, might be well compared to china, delf, and crockery. A few minutes elapsed, when she sent for her little girl to the nursery. John, the footman, was dispatched with orders to the nursery maid, to whom he bawled from the bottom of the stairs, "Hallo! crockery, bring down little china."

"THE DOUBLE EVENT"—Twins!

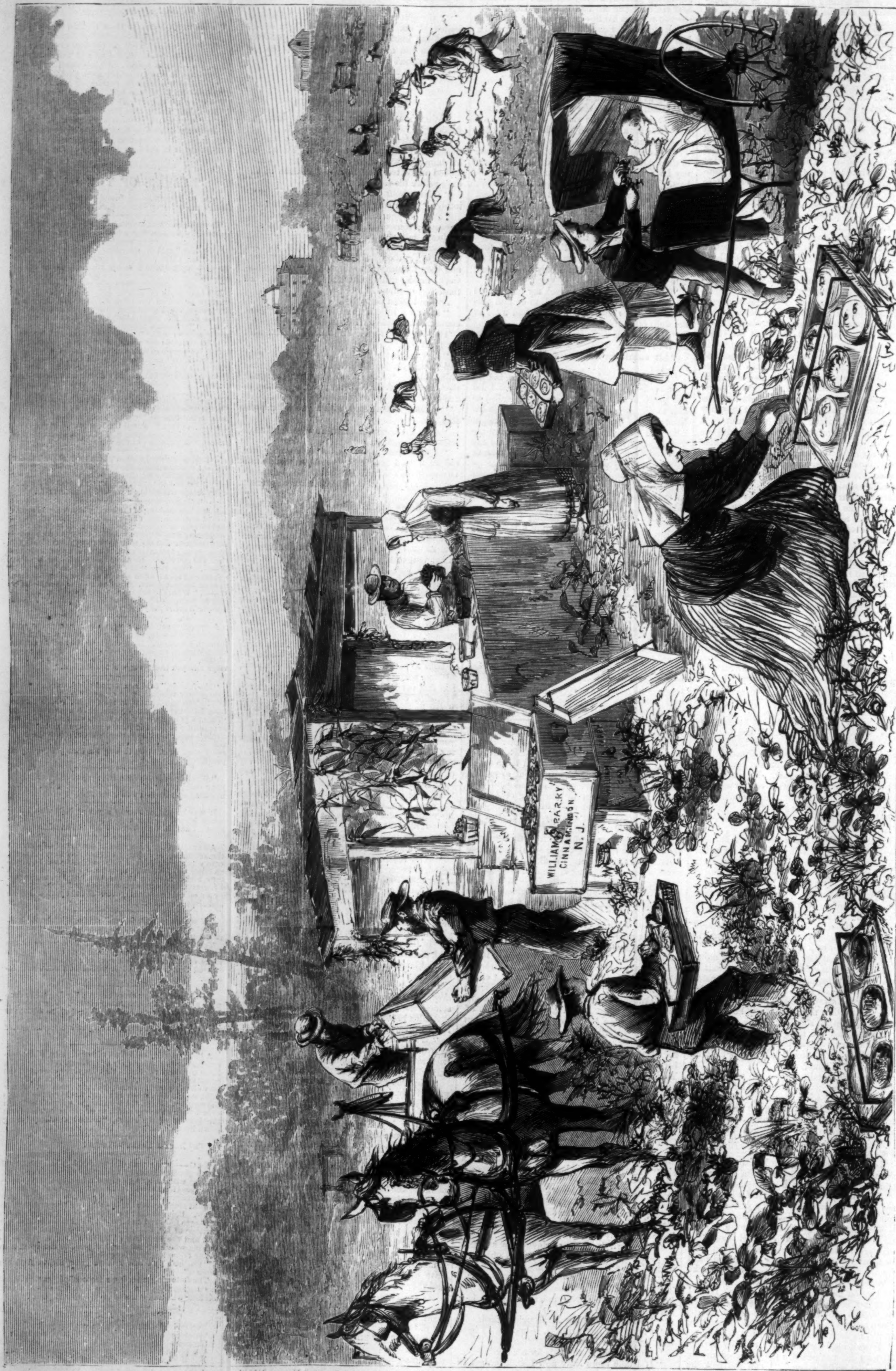
Mr. C—— was a man of great fashion, but he marred all his good qualities by an excess of ostentation. Not content with being a gentleman, he was always aspiring to pass for a nobleman. He drove a carriage drawn by two miserable hackney-coach horses, and he had a servant stuck up behind in effigy and made of hay and straw. Being at the Opera one evening, where all the carriages followed in a string, the horses behind the carriage of Mr. C—— ate up the two legs of the servant, and the body fell under the carriage. Upon inquiring where his servant had gone to the coachman of the following vehicle replied:

"Oh, he's just this minute gone, Sir, to feed the horses."

The following morning a truss of straw was left at his house, with the message that "it was the new servant who had come to fill the vacant place!"

WAY OF THE WORLD.

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend
To ask the opinions and thoughts of a friend;
Should his differ from ours on any pretense,
We pity his want of both judgment and sense;
But if he falls into and flatters our plan,
Why, really we think him a sensible man.



STRAWBERRY CULTURE, NEW JERSEY.—PICKERS IN THE FIELD.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 429.]

BOSTON AND THE PEACE JUBILEE.

WE publish this week several illustrations connected with Boston, to which attention has lately been attracted by the mammoth Jubilee. Not the least interesting of these is the photographic view of the city reproduced in our double-page cut.

Boston, the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the chief city of New England, is situated at the western extremity of Massachusetts Bay. The first settlement was made there in 1630. Boston was named after an English town founded by the Saxon St. BOTOLPH, A.D. 654. The capital of Puritanism thus derives its name from a Roman Catholic saint. The progress of the city was slow. In 1638 it was called a hamlet, and had but 20 or 30 houses. In 1671 there were three meeting-houses, and the town was considered rich and populous, containing about 1500 families. In no part of the British empire was the revolution of 1688 more warmly supported than in Boston. In 1692 the witchcraft delusion raged as in other parts of New England. An Englishman who visited the city about that time spoke of the buildings being like the women, neat and handsome; and of the streets being of pebble, like the hearts of the men. In 1708 a list was made of all the streets, lanes, and alleys, which were found to be 110 in number. Long Wharf was commenced in 1710, running 800 feet into the harbor. In 1740 WHITEFIELD preached in Boston to immense crowds; his farewell discourse was attended by 20,000 persons.

In the opening scenes of the Revolution Boston took a more prominent part than any city in the Colonies. After the establishment of Independence Boston had a commerce extending to nearly every part of the world. It was made a city in 1822. Its population then numbered about 45,000 souls. In 1850 it was 61,392; in 1840 it was 93,383; in 1830 it was 136,884; and in 1860 it had increased to 177,840. This number would be nearly doubled if we add the population of Charlestown, Chelsea, Roxbury, Cambridge, Dorchester, Somerville, North Chelsea, and Winthrop.

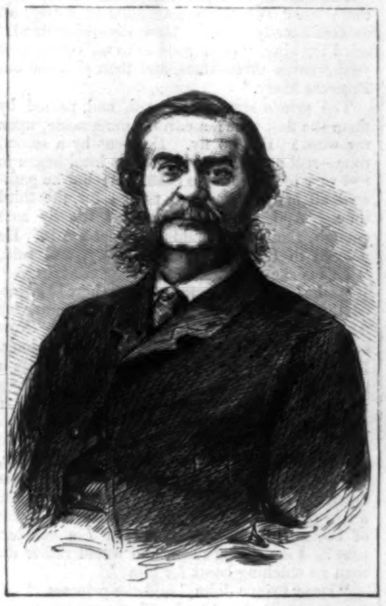
The position of the city is highly favorable to commercial pursuits. The harbor contains 75 square miles, and receives the waters of the Manatticut, Neponset, Mystic, and Charles rivers. The harbor affords ample advantage for 500 ships of the largest class.

The city is supplied with water from Lake Cochituate, 20 miles west.

Boston has made more noise than any city of the Union. It is the first article of the creed of Boston thinkers that that city is the centre of human civilization—that Boston is the "hub of the Universe." Now that she has had the biggest concert of all history—we refer to the recent Musical Jubilee—she will henceforth consider herself as the centre of the "music of the spheres." We expected to hear the "anvil chorus" in New York, but were disappointed. Still, the Jubilee was a great success. The programme was carried out without difficulty. The rendering of the symphonies and oratorio music was excellent, and the grand chorus was a remarkable success. We give portraits on this page of CARL ZERAHN, conductor of the symphony and oratorio music, and also of EBEN TOURJEE, the organizer of the choruses.

In connection with this Jubilee one thing is noticeable—and that is the death which occurred on the 17th. In the ancient theatres, where over 30,000 people were assembled, both births and deaths were of frequent occurrence. It is not wonderful, therefore, that in an assemblage of sixty thousand there should have been a single death.

Well, the Jubilee is over. It is now a part of the history of noise-making Boston. Our artist, Mr. BUSH, has on page 420 illustrated the *finale* of the whole affair.



CARL ZERAHN, MUSICAL CONDUCTOR OF THE PEACE JUBILEE.—[PHOT. BY FOSS, BOSTON.]

EBEN TOURJEE, ORGANIZER OF THE CHORUSES. [PHOT. BY FOSS, BOSTON.]

GOVERNMENT AMONG SWINE.

THERE is no confusion in the wide domain of organic life, although the short-sighted in Philosophy may fancy that nature conducts her affairs as much by hap-hazard as by orderly displays of controlling wisdom.

Domesticated hogs are proverbially stupid brutes. Their unsatisfied appetite, omnivorous taste and sluggishness when food is abundantly provided for them, are the secrets of their utility, because through these perverted instincts they can be fattened into monsters. Left to themselves, however, excessive multiplication has a tendency to shorten their rations, so that wild hogs are usually tall, lank, lean, and ferocious. Under certain conditions wild boars become formidable animals. Their tusks project like sharp hooks, enameled at the points, and keen as chisels, which they use in defense of themselves or companions when menaced by man or beast, exhibiting in fight boldness and skill that often drives mounted sportsmen from the field.

Undisturbed by foreign foe, ranging freely about at certain seasons, the boars have fearful battles with each other. One or two of a herd come out of the conflict victorious; and ever after, while their vigor remains, are undisputed masters of their subjugated rivals, mingling among them without danger of further collision when the claim of supremacy has once been conceded.

By the operation of this universal law, nature secures the best standard of health and animal perfectability. She forbids the propagation of a generation from a feeble ancestry.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE IN NEW JERSEY.

THE first supply of strawberries that reaches the New York market is sent from as far south as the Carolinas. As the season advances, Norfolk is the point from which the fruit is shipped for New York. It is not until the first week in June that the choice berries, grown upon the fruit-farms of New Jersey, are sufficiently ripe for shipment. At this season numbers of women and children make their appearance in the vicinity of such fields as the one shown in our sketch; engagements are made to pick through the season, which comprises the strawberry, raspberry, and blackberry crops.

The price paid to pickers is usually about two and a half cents per quart; the pickers boarding themselves, but receiving quarters and fuel from their employers. Many women earn as much as two dollars per day, the children not quite so much, owing to their lack of physical strength; for strawberry picking is not so easy a labor as might be supposed.

Many of the women bring their babies with them into the field, and the little covered carriages are to be seen in all directions. Each picker is supplied with a tray and a number of baskets. When these are filled they are carried to what is termed the picking-shanty, where a new supply of baskets are received; also tickets giving credit to the bearer for picking one quart of strawberries. As these "singles" accumulate they are changed for tickets representing twenty quarts; they may be cashed each evening or not, at the pleasure of the holder. As fast as the filled baskets come in they are packed in crates and loaded upon wagons for shipment to the nearest dépôt or market.

The scene shown is upon the fruit-farm of Friend WILLIAM PARRY, located in the Township of Cinnaminson, Burlington County, New Jersey. It is said to be, and probably is, the most complete farm of this kind in the State. Mr. PARRY has fifty acres in blackberries, fifty in raspberries, and a large number in strawberries.

The soil is sandy, and for corn would be un-

SIX DAYS WITH THE DEVIL AND ONE WITH GOD.

BUSINESS MAN TO CHRISTIANITY. "I am too Busy to see you Now. Wait till Sunday."

profitable; but the yearly revenue from the present crops is many thousands of dollars. The favorite varieties seem to be the "Wilson's Early," "Agriculturist," "Romeyne Seedling," "Jack Downing," etc. The "Romeyne" and "Jack Downing" (the latter a new variety from Kentucky) are late berries, and particularly admired by marketmen for their solid flesh and full flavor. These are the last berries that reach our New York market.

THE UNDERGROUND KING.

A Slavonic Legend.

I.—THE WHITE DUCK.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain country a great king named Tsar Berendi, who had such a long beard that it hung down to his very knees. He had been long married, but had never had any children, and this vexed him very much; till one day he was so distressed at the thought of having no son to succeed to his throne that he determined to set out and travel over his whole kingdom, in the hope of diverting himself a little. Accordingly off he started, and having traveled about for a long time he turned his face homeward, and was not far from his capital, when, one terribly hot day, he found himself in the middle of a great wide plain with not a drop of water left in his flask. The poor king, who was dreadfully thirsty, began to look about in all directions for a stream or spring whereat he might quench his thirst, and at last, to his great delight, espied a clear springing well. In a moment he had jumped off his horse, and was running full speed toward the well, and when he reached it the first thing he saw was a golden goblet floating on the surface.

"Not a bad idea!" thought the king, and he stretched out his hand to take it; but the goblet was too quick for him, and slipped through his fingers. He clutched at it again and again, now with his right hand, now with his left, and then with both at once; but the goblet still glided away, and at last dived, like a fish, right down to the bottom, and then came up again.

"Wait a bit," said the king, savagely; "I'll have a drink for all that, without asking *your* help!" and with that he threw himself on his knees beside the spring, bent his head down, and took a long draught, not observing that the whole of his long beard was hanging down into the water. But when he had drunk enough, and wanted to rise again, he suddenly felt that something had caught him by the beard, and would not let him go. He pulled, and tugged, and struggled to get away—but all in vain; the thing, whatever it was, held him fast. He was caught, and could not move, that was all about it.

"What's that? Let go!" cried he. There was no answer; but all at once, as he looked down into the well, he saw in its depths a huge face, which grinned and put out its tongue at him. At the same moment he caught sight of several enormous crab-like claws, which were clenched on his beard, and held him down.

"King Berendi," said the face, "if you wish me to let you go, you must promise to give me *that thing which you possess without being aware of it.*"

"What can that mean?" thought the king; "it seems to me that I know all my possessions—he must be joking!" "Very good," cried he, aloud, "it's a bargain!"

"See that you remember your promise, then," answered the face, and disappeared.

The king, rejoiced to find himself once more at liberty, mounted his horse and set off homeward at full gallop. When he reached the palace the first thing he saw was the queen standing on the great staircase, looking eagerly for his coming; and beside her stood the Lord Chamberlain, holding a cradle covered with cloth of gold, in which lay a beautiful baby. Then the king guessed the meaning of his strange bargain, and gave a deep groan. "That, then, is the possession which I had without knowing it!" thought he. "You have destroyed me, you villainous sorcerer!" and he was sorely distressed; but, putting a cheerful face on the matter, he took the child in his arms, carried it into the palace, petted it for a while, and put it carefully back with his own hands into the cradle.

King Berendi said not a word about his adventure, but set himself to rule as before, concealing his grief as best he might; but the fatal promise was ever in his mind, and he lived in constant dread of some one coming to carry his son away. However, time went by without any thing of the kind happening; the prince, to whom his father gave the name of John, grew up into a very fine, handsome young man; and every thing went on so well that at last the old king quite forgot what had befallen him.

Now it chanced one day that Prince John, while out hunting, lost his way, and at last found himself in a circle of gloomy-looking pines, in the midst of which stood a vast lime-tree, with a huge, broad trunk, down the middle of which ran an immense cleft. As the prince stood gazing, out of this cleft came creeping a strange-looking, ugly old man, with a bright green beard, and eyes greener still.

"Good-morning, Prince John," said the old man; "I have already been waiting a long time for you."

"And who are you?" asked the prince, very much astonished.

"You'll find out before long," answered the other; "but now go back to your father, give him my compliments, and tell him that it is high time to remember and fulfill his promise to me. Good-by—*au revoir*."

Back went Prince John, not a little puzzled at this adventure, and he told his father the whole story. Then the poor old king, in his distress, forgot himself, and let out the whole secret; but the prince did not seem much troubled at what he heard.

"There's no great harm done *yet*," said he, "but it's time to be doing. Give me a horse and let me set off, and mind you tell no one what has happened; but if I do not come back within a year, then be sure that I am no longer alive."

So Prince John got ready for his journey, and bade every one good-by. The king gave him a suit of golden armor, a sharp sword, and a raven-black horse; and away he went merrily enough. For three days he traveled onward, and on the evening of the fourth he came to a broad, smooth lake, the clear water of which mirrored the green banks that overhung it. In the lake were swimming thirty white ducks, and on the grass lay thirty white dresses. The prince leaped from his horse, and, creeping softly to the bank, snatched up one of the dresses and hid himself behind a thick bush. Meanwhile the ducks went on swimming and diving and plashing about in the cool clear water, till at last they all swam up to the bank in a row. Twenty-nine of them came out upon the grass, and hurrying up to the dresses put them on; when they suddenly changed into pretty girls, and vanished. But the thirtieth duck remained in the water, flapping about the edge of the lake and crying out piteously, as if in search of something which it had lost. When the prince saw this he was sorry for the trick he had played, and came out of his hiding-place. The duck lifted its head and said to him, with a human voice, "Prince John, give me back my dress, and I will be of service to you;" and he had no sooner obeyed, when, lo! on the bank beside him stood a beautiful young lady, robed in pure white, and with long dark hair flowing over her shoulders. She gave him her hand, and said to him, "It is well for you, Prince John, that you have obeyed me; and you shall not find me ungrateful. Know that I am Princess Mary, one of the thirty daughters of the Underground King. My father has already waited a long time for you, and is very angry; but you need not be afraid of him, only mind what I tell you. As soon as you come into his presence, down on your knees and crawl right up to him. He will begin to scold and make a great to-do; but never mind him, keep on crawling, and you will see what will happen then."

Princess Mary stamped on the ground, and suddenly the mouth of a cavern yawned before them, and they descended together into the Underground Kingdom, and stopped in front of a palace, which was all built of red garnets, and sparkled brilliantly.

II.—THE THREE TASKS.

PRINCE JOHN went boldly into the palace and saw the Underground King sitting on his throne, with claws on his hands instead of fingers, and small green eyes that glittered like emeralds. Down went the prince on his knees forthwith. The king stamped, and screamed, and scolded at him; but he, remembering the counsel of Princess Mary, kept crawling on all-fours. The Underground King made a terrible uproar, but Prince John still crawled and crawled; till at last the king himself was so tickled at the sight that he fairly burst out laughing.

"It's lucky for you that you've managed to make me laugh," said he, "for now I'm not going to quarrel with you; but in return for the disobedience of your father, who was so long in sending you here, you must perform three tasks. Be so good as to build me, this very night, a palace with marble walls, a golden roof, and windows of crystal; there must be a garden all round it, and ponds in the garden, and in the ponds, minnows. If you can do it, I'll give you my best thanks; but if you can't I'll cut your head off. Now be off with you, and good-night; it's already late."

"Ah! the old wretch!" thought Prince John; "see what a plan he has hit upon!" and he went into the room which they had given him in the palace, and sat down very dismally, not knowing what to do. Suddenly a bee flew up to the window, beat against the pane, and said, "Let me in!" Prince John did so; but instead of the bee, in floated Princess Mary.

"Why, Prince John, what are you looking so grave about?" asked she.

"It's not *my* fault if I'm grave," said he; "do you see what a piece of work your father has set me? And what is more, if I can't do it, he's going to cut my head off!"

"Don't put yourself out about that, my dear prince," said the young lady; "just go to sleep, and the palace shall be built all right. All you have to do is to get up pretty early, and give a tap on the wall with this little hammer."

And sure enough, every thing happened just as she had said. At the first tap of the hammer there stood the new palace all complete; and the Underground King, when he came back and saw it, was not a little astonished.

"Well, you're a clever fellow, without joking," said he. "Now let us see whether you are as sharp at guessing as you are skillful at work. To-morrow I'll range my thirty daughters in a row, and you must walk past them three times, and the third time point out my youngest daughter, Princess Mary. If you can't do it, off goes your head."

Prince John went to his room, and sat down to think. "Come," said he, "the old scare-crow has outwitted himself this time! what difficulty can there be in pointing *her* out?" Then in fluttered the princess again, and said, "Just *this* difficulty, that the whole thirty of us are exactly alike; my father himself can only tell us by our dresses, and to-morrow we shall all be dressed alike."

"And what am I to do, then?" asked Prince John, dolefully.

"I'll tell you; I shall be that one on whose cheek you see a small fly. Good-night—*au revoir*."

The next day, when Prince John was sent for, there stood the thirty princesses in a row, all dressed exactly alike. "Now, my clever friend," cried the king, "be so good as to walk past these young ladies three times, and then pick me out Princess Mary."

The prince stepped forward, and passed by them the first time; a curious promenade, upon my word! But no fly. He went by a second time—still no fly! Prince John's head began to feel very loose upon his shoulders; but he gathered all his courage, and passed for the third time. And behold! there was the fly sure enough, though he could only *just* see it. He pointed to the beauty with the fly, and said, "This is she—Princess Mary!"

"Oho! there's something wrong here!" grunted the king. "You have found her out, it's true; but I suspect foul play somewhere. Now be off, for you'll be wanted again before long. I'm going to set fire to some straw, and while it is burning you must stitch me a pair of boots with a braid, without stirring from the spot. If you can't do it, off comes your head!"

The prince went back to his room more dismal than ever, but Princess Mary was already there, and inquired the cause of his trouble. "Cause enough," he replied; "your father has devised a new piece of work for me—I'm to stitch a pair of boots with a braid. But am *I* a cobbler, pray? I am a king's son, and would rather die than go stitching boots for him!"

"Dear Prince John," said the princess, "will you be my husband? I will try to save you—are you willing? We will escape together, or perish together!"

Prince John thought this a very good idea, and agreed at once.

"We must fly instantly," said the princess; and leading Prince John out of the room she locked the door, and flung the key ever so far off. Then, taking the prince by both hands, she rose up in the air with him, and they found themselves beside the same lake whence they had descended into the Underground Kingdom. Prince John's horse was straying about the meadow; and as soon as it saw him it began to prance and neigh, and came galloping up to him. The prince wasted little time in thinking, but leaped on his horse, set the young lady behind him, and went off at full gallop.

Meanwhile, at the appointed hour, the king sent to call Prince John. The servants found his door locked; and when they tapped at it, a voice like the prince's answered from within, "I'm coming directly." They went to tell the king, and he waited and waited—but no prince. He sent again, and again there was the same answer; but still the prince did not appear; till at last the king got angry, and bade them drag him out by force. The servants broke open the door, and found nobody within; so they went and told the king that Prince John was nowhere to be found. The king was so much put out at this news that he all but died of vexation. "Quick, and pursue him!" roared he; "if he escapes, it shall be the worse for you all!" So his men started in pursuit.

The fugitives were still galloping along, when the princess said, softly, "I hear a trampling." The prince leaped down, put his ear to the ground, and cried, "Yes, here they come, and close after us!" "Then there's no time to be lost," quoth she; and forthwith she turned herself into a river, Prince John into a bridge, and the horse into a raven; and beyond the river the highway split into three roads. The king's men followed the fresh hoof-marks, making sure of overtaking the prince; but at the bridge they stopped short, for there the traces suddenly ended, and the road split in three. There was nothing for it but to ride back and tell the king of their ill success. The king flew into a worse rage than before. "Donkeys!" roared he, "don't you see that *they* were the bridge and the river? How was it that you didn't find *that* out? Off with you—and bring him back, do you hear?" So the pursuers started again.

"I hear a trampling," whispered the princess; and Prince John, after listening a moment, replied as before, "Yes, here they are close upon us!" Instantly the pair vanished, horse and all; and in place of them appeared a dense forest, through which ran roads and paths innumerable; and in the midst of the forest there was, as it were, the figure of a horse carrying two riders. The king's men reached the wood, saw (as they thought) the two runaways, and made all speed to overtake them. On flew the pursuers, and you would have thought that in another moment they must seize the unlucky pair; but no such thing. The horsemen looked about them and found themselves at the entrance of the Underground Kingdom, in the very place whence they had started in pursuit. In a moment every thing had disappeared—horse, riders, thick wood, and all.

The pursuers returned empty-handed; and the king, when he heard what had happened, went into a greater passion than ever. "I'll give it to you, you lubbers!" screeched he. "My horse, quick! I'll go after him myself and see whether he can give *me* the slip!" So the Underground King himself started in pursuit.

A third time the princess whispered, "I hear a trampling;" and Prince John dismounted to listen.

"They're coming," said he, "and pretty close, too; but somehow the trampling sounds much louder than it did before."

"Oh dear!" said she, "this must be the Underground King himself who is coming after us; but, at all events, yonder is the boundary of his kingdom, and beyond that he can not go. Once we get past it we are safe."

The moment they reached the boundary line Princess Mary changed herself into a cave, Prince John into a hermit, and the horse into a post, on which hung a little bell. At that minute the Underground King and all his men came galloping up.

"Have you seen any one pass this way, my good old man?" asked the king of the pretended hermit.

"To be sure," answered the hermit; "just this minute a young man and woman came riding by, both upon one horse. They came into my cave to rest, and when they went away told me to swear I hadn't seen them in case I happened to fall in with you."

"Well, there's nothing to be done," said the Underground King, seeing that by this time Prince John was fairly out of his reach; "my daughter may marry him if she likes. There's no denying it, he's a fine lad of a prince." And he turned his horse's head, and rode home again.

In the mean time Prince John and Princess Mary, having no longer any pursuit to fear, went quietly on their way to the country of Tsar Berendi, where they were received by the king and queen with such joy as neither had ever felt before. There was no time lost in deliberation; first came a grand feast, and after the feast a wedding. Prince John married the lovely Princess Mary, and they lived thenceforward happily and prosperously. Prince John helped his father to govern the kingdom. Every thing went smoothly and well—and that is the end of the story.

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